

THE  
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

O R  
LITERARY MISCELLANY,

For MARCH 1785.

[With a VIEW of DUNKELD, and a SONG from the TEMPEST.]

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A STATE of the BAROMETER in inches and decimals, Farenheit's THERMOMETER, and the quantity of Rain-water fallen, in inches and decimals, from the 28th February to the 30th March, 1785, taken at Duddingston about sunrife.

	Days.	Ther. Sun r.	Barom.	Rain. Inch,	Weather.
Feb.	28	25	30.3045	—	Clear.
Mar.	1	18	30.3583	—	Ditto.
	2	32	30.418	—	Ditto.
	3	28	30.347	—	Ditto.
	4	27	30.3	—	Ditto.
	5	22	30.2875	—	Ditto.
	6	20	30.3625	—	Ditto.
	7	26	30.2875	—	Ditto.
	8	30	29.9875	—	Ditto.
	9	30	29.8	0.04	Snow.
	10	26	30.125	—	Clear,
	11	33	29.9125	0.06	Sleet and snow.
	12	21	30.19375	—	Clear.
	13	24	30.37375	—	Ditto.
	14	35	30.17	—	Ditto.
	15	33	30.1925	—	Ditto.
	16	35	30.35625	—	Ditto.
	17	36	30.475	—	Ditto.
	18	34	30.4025	—	Ditto.
	19	42	30.3475	—	Ditto.
	20	40	30.3	0.05	Some rain.
	21	42	30.20375	0.04	Sleet.
	22	20	30.33	—	Clear.
	23	25	30.45	—	Ditto.
	24	33	30.1125	0.065	Hail and rain.
	25	34	30.30625	—	Clear.
	26	32	30.2175	0.08	Rain and snow.
	27	31	29.96625	—	Clear.
	28	25	29.945	0.045	Sleet.
	29	26	29.950875	0.055	Hail.
	30	39	29.905125	—	

0.435 total of rain, &c.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several POEMS under consideration.

Lucius in reply to Severus might lead to an uninteresting controversy.

Essay on Suicide, rather palliative.

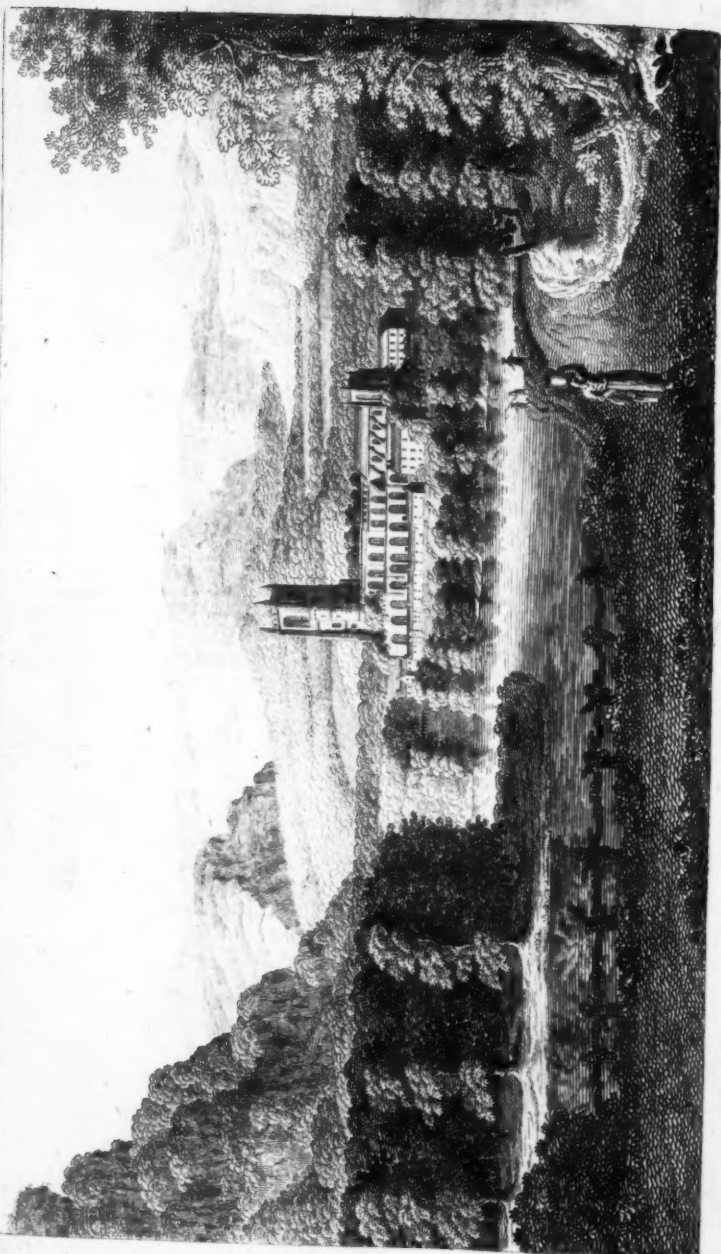
The Elegy on the Death of Mr S. of F. is inadmissible.—We shall be glad, however, to be favoured with the correspondence of the Author when he is disposed to be less licentious.

Verfes by J. W. W. in our next.

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*A View of Dunkeld from an Original Drawing*

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VIEWS IN SCOTLAND.

Number Second.

**D**UNKELD, a feat belonging to his Grace the Duke of Athole, situated on the banks of Tay, surrounded with high rocky hills, clothed with wood to the top; through which, with great judgment, are conducted extensive walks, producing a variety of scenery only to be met with in Highland situations.

The village of Dunkeld is of great antiquity. It was the capital of ancient Caledonia—About the dawn of Christianity, a Pictish king made it the feat of religion, by erecting a monastery of Culdees there; which king David I. in 1130 converted into a cathedral, and it ranked as the first see in Scotland. The cathedral still remains pretty entire, and adds to the beauty of this romantic place. Birnam Wood skirts the pass to Dunkeld, and Dunfinnan Hill is seen at a distance beyond the plain of Stormont.—Dunkeld is thriving, and is still deemed the capital of the Highlands.

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MEMOIRS of the Baron DE TOTT, concerning the TURKS and TARTARS,  
4 vols 8vo. Printed at Amsterdam 1784.

**W**E cannot begin to read these *Memoirs* without accompanying the author to the conclusion: It is one of the most novel and extraordinary books we have seen, as also one of the most interesting.

What do we see in this picture, whose lineaments are so striking, and all whose figures bear the expression of truth? A nation delivered up to all the excesses of the most corrupted people, and at the same time to all the ferocity of the most barbarous: at once effeminate and sanguinary; fanatic in their belief, without practising one moral virtue of their creed; joining insensibility of heart to the most unbridled and lascivious passions; without reflection as without foresight; habituated to mean vices, and laughing at crimes in the very moment of committing them; buried in ignorance and yet glorying in it; haughty in proportion to their stupidity; supporting tyranny in the hope of sharing it; base without shame, wretched without grief; ne-

ver feeling their dreadful servitude but in the very instant that they are ready to die of hunger; without industry; without valour, without humanity, and even in their contempt of death displaying only that meanness of spirit which prevents men from perceiving how to escape it.

Whom does this nation obey? A sovereign buried for the half of his life in the silence of a seraglio, betwixt the axe and the bow-string; fatigued with homage, and making himself obeyed only by the terror of the arms of despotism; crushing always when he wishes to punish; obliged by his religion to submit to laws of form, and able to violate those of nature; not daring to absent himself from the mosque upon a Friday; and at liberty to behead the innocent man whose riches he covets. If his government presses less directly on the multitude, the instruments of their misery are only upon this account the more hardened in their oppressions; unpunished or chastised,

fear never stops them; and the man in place commits injustice himself, with the bloody heads of his predecessors before him.

It is in this point of view that M. de Tott has seen the Turks; and he saw them for a period of 23 years: he enjoyed the most intimate confidence of the sovereign; he himself has had an active share in the administration of this terrible government, in which he has been employed during all its successive changes, and in circumstances of the most critical nature. In a word, M. de Tott has a perfect knowledge of the language, and was able to communicate with all the different states. No European has hitherto united in himself so many means of knowledge, has ever been able to collect so great a number of facts, or to draw from them more certain conclusions.

M. de Tott endeavours first to satisfy the impatience of the greater part of his readers, always eager to learn whatever concerns the situation and manners of the Turkish women. It is upon this article especially that travellers have abused the credulity of the public. They divert themselves with giving romantic pictures of the voluptuousness of the people of the east; they draw enchanting portraits of the women shut up in their pretended *harams*; their imagination is fruitful in intrigues of gallantry. The bolts and vigilance of the eunuchs are nothing to them. They introduce you into the recesses of these impenetrable prisons, invented by pride and jealousy to tyrannize over beauty. It is necessary to reform our ideas somewhat upon this subject.

Marriage among the Turks is no more than a civil act. The law restrains the number of free women whom you can marry to four; it is the husband who gives the wife the dowry; and when he repudiates her, she retains this dowry with her

paraphernalia. Love inspired by beauty and all accomplishments, or the esteem which arises from virtue, have no influence in these fatal unions. They marry a woman without seeing her, upon the report of some old women, who serve as *go-betweens*; and the moment in which the bride takes off her veil, is often for the husband the moment of disgust and repentance. There is another kind of marriage which they call *kapin*; which is nothing else, to speak properly, but a bargain made betwixt the parties, to live together for a fixed price a certain time.

These women, brought up in ignorance and solitude, without any kind of ideas, without any other sentiment than jealousy, distressed and humiliated by the dependence in which they live, and by the indifference of their husbands, oppressed with their very idleness, and indolent through pride, can have few attractions for the man to whom they belong. The Turks have, therefore, no resource except in the slaves whom they purchase, and the number of whom they can increase in proportion to the extent of their fortune. Here the imagination of the reader, no doubt, presents to him those beautiful Georgian girls, those charming maids of Circassia, who bear so distinguished a part in many romances.

M. de Tott saw, at the house of her mother-in-law, one of these Georgian girls, destined, by the Sultana Asma, for the amusement of his highness. "I saw nothing remarkable in her (says he); she was a girl about 18, pretty tall, exceedingly robust, and who might have made no unhandsome figure at the bar of a tavern."

Among these slaves, there are many, doubtless, who possess beauty, and some who possess agreeable talents; and, in particular, they are taught a very indecent dance, and

compa-

compared with castanets. But the use of the warm bath greatly tarnishes their complexion, and robs them of the freshness of youth. These baths, always warmed 24 hours before they are used, are heated to such a degree, that immediately upon entering them a violent perspiration takes place; notwithstanding which the women remain in them five or six hours at a time, and return to make use of them very frequently. It is evident, that such a great relaxation of the fibres must alter the shape, and bring on an untimely decrepitude; it is not less certain, that betwixt the master and the slave there can exist no real love; that the delicacy of sentiment, which forms the greatest charm of life, must of necessity be destroyed by the extreme easiness of enjoyment; and that satiety and disgust inhabit those abodes which we are accustomed to paint as the temples of pleasure. "I have been enabled to convince myself by means of my friends, (says our traveller,) that, except when the charms of a new slave awaken the curiosity of the Turks, the haram and its pleasures are disgusting; many Turks never enter it but when their presence is necessary to restore peace, and which the woman who superintends it could not accomplish."

M. de Tott had frequent conversations with the Mollach of Mecca, a man of great consideration at Constantinople. In the midst of one of these conversations, a child of about four years of age, barefooted, and badly clothed, came to caress the Mollach, who asked her who was her father. "You," says the child.—"What! am I your father? And what is your name?"—"Jusuf"—"But who is your mother?"—"Thatidgee."—"Very well, Thatidgee!"—"Indeed!" says the Mollach coldly, "I did not know so

much."—"There is no need," said he afterwards in the course of the conversation, "for a great effort to perceive that the facility of gratifying our desires leads to indifference.—It is the fault of our manners; we cannot change them.—But as long as I retain my curiosity, I shall not be so unhappy as you think me."

To whatever constraint the Turkish women are subjected by their customs, they have, however, the liberty of going abroad upon business; they even go frequently to pay visits to other women. Fashion then requires, that the Turk, whose women receive the visit, should not enter into the haram while the strangers are there; but this rule is not always strictly observed. The rich alone can support the expences of a haram, and there are not many rich men among the Turks; they never arrive at opulence but by serving in employments, which are lucrative only in proportion to the abuse they make of their authority. Before arriving at these offices, they remain a long time confounded with the crowd, separated from the women, and forced to live only with men. A disagreeable society, which leads to a shameful vice, and unfortunately too common among the people of the east.

There are very few prostitutes at Constantinople; and it is not thought proper to give the same indulgence to disorders of this kind there, which the corruption of great cities seems to have rendered necessary. The Bostangi-Basha, a kind of *Lieutenant de Police*, makes frequent visits in the environs of Constantinople, and about the most remote places near the sea, where women of this class flatter themselves with finding an asylum. Their dead bodies are often found mangled. The men assassinate them in order to save the trouble of payment, and even to avoid the danger of being arrested in conducting them back

back to the city. What is most astonishing is, that women even of higher rank escape sometimes from their prisons, carrying along with them their jewels. The violence of passion renders them blind to the dangers of such an adventure. The wretches whom they seek often cut their throats, after seizing on their effects. The dead bodies of these miserable creatures are frequently seen floating within the harbour; and yet these fatal examples are not able to prevent other women from following the same course.

There is nothing more common among us than to hear people speak of the *seraglio* and the *favourite sultana*. The *seraglio* is imagined to be the inclosure in which the women are shut up, while in reality it is nothing but a palace, and the apartment of the women is called the *haram*. The ambassadors of crowned heads have no *haram*, but they have a *seraglio*. With regard to the title of favourite sultana, it is absurd. A sultana is a princess of the blood royal of the empire. If she be a sultana, says M. de Tott, she dare not avow that kind of favour which is meant; if she can enjoy it, she is not a sultana. The title of *Bach-Kadun*, or *principal lady*, is really the first dignity of the *haram* of the Grand Signior. "The daughters and the sisters of this prince, when married to the viziers and grandees of the empire, inhabit each separate apartments in their palaces. The male child who is born there must be smothered in the very moment of birth, and by the same hands which deliver the mother. This is the most public law in the empire, and what is least transgressed: no veil is spread over the horror of these assassinations."

The Turks are luxurious, but their luxury has neither taste nor elegance; it is only a gross display of useless wealth, and even frequently incom-

modious; they will place upon your bed fatten pillows embroidered with gold, which tear the skin off your face; the women will wear in the midst of summer velvet gowns, every seam of which is loaded with thick gold lace. Besides, this luxury is only displayed at home; no one dare exhibit it in public, through fear of awakening the avarice of government.

During the rejoicings which take place upon the birth of a son to the Grand Signior, the ancient *saturnalia* of Rome are seen revived at Constantinople. The slaves are allowed to make merry before their masters, and even at their expence; the people pass suddenly from slavery to licentiousness, and their joy resembles drunkenness and frenzy. The houses of the grandees display an excessive magnificence in their decorations. "The neighbouring streets are covered, to a certain distance, with scaffolds raised high enough so as that the lamps and paper-work may prove no obstruction to passengers on horseback. These porticoes, thus decorated, are continued even to the interior courts of the palace; and there halls, constructed of purpose, richly furnished, and illuminated by a vast number of *lustres*, whose brightness is reflected by numerous mirrors, offer to the curious a resting place; the master of which receives his guests each according to their quality. Others content themselves with furnishing the space under their gates, whose folding doors thrown open invite company to stop, take a dish of coffee or other refreshments, which the master orders always to be provided, and which his people are eager to distribute."

The illumination of the *seraglio*, one would think, should eclipse all the rest; and yet it is the meanest. That of the mint is very curious and splendid. An infinite number of lamps mutually reflect each other in hangings  
formed

formed of piastres and sequins quite new, and which represent different designs. In many places of the city the most indecent farces are acted, in which the government is not spared more than the manners. The actors are Greeks and Jews; and the *fun* of these pieces consists in imitating and turning into ridicule the offices of the chief magistrates. M. de Tott has seen the licentiousness of these representations carried so far as even to take off the Grand Signior himself. It is true, that they soon forbid these players this kind of imitation; but they were allowed to bring the Grand Vizzeer on the stage, and then no accusation was spared.

“ I have seen, among others, a false *Stambæ Effendi*, (*lieutenant de police*) whom they allowed to exercise in quiet a distributive justice sufficiently severe. Chance made him meet with the real one; they saluted each other with much gravity, and continued each their rout. Another troop, which imitated the chief of the Janissaries, went to seize upon the palace of this general while he was making his round; and his people treated the mask with as much distinction as if he had been their master. Pretended engineers for the care of bridges and high ways, followed by pavours, dug off the pavements from the houses of those who did not purchase in demnity at a pretty high price; while other masks in the other dresses carried off ransoms in another manner. At last all this became both very troublesome and inconvenient; but the term expired, the rod again appeared, and every thing was reduced to order.

One can scarcely form an idea of the grossness and indecency of the Turkish comedies. They turn usually upon the intrigues and treachery of women. Every thing is exhibited, and nothing is left to the imagination of the spectators. Du-

ring this spectacle, often more infamous than the *ludi florales* of Rome, if the signal for prayer is heard, every musfulman turns himself towards Mecca, while the actors continue to go on each with their part.

Justice, that foundation of all society, is little respected among the Turks. They have no other law but the Koran, and the judges are the interpreters of it. All causes are judged upon the deposition of witnesses; and false witnesses are common and easily purchased. He who gives most money to the *cadi*, for the most part gains his cause. They never punish highwaymen unless taken *in flagrante delicto*; the government rarely prosecutes them; and when this happens, the *cadi*, whose business it is to inform himself of the assassinations committed in a village, exacts a fine from the inhabitants of the place on that account, instead of inquiring after the criminals. Should a robber, after making rich, relinquish his profession, he has nothing more to dread from the band of justice; he may acquire consideration, and arrive at employments.

Assassination is considered in Turkey as a noble action, and which proves courage. If the relations of the murdered person choose to make an accommodation with the murderer, he is certain to escape punishment. The hangman is usually the mediator in these treaties. A young Turk having assassinated his father, was condemned to be beheaded; one of his friends, in concert with the judge, whom he had gained over, declared that he himself was the murderer, and produced two witnesses of the fact: the judge upon this revoked the sentence pronounced against the young Turk, and condemned his friend; but the parricide then using his right, as son to the deceased, pardoned the pretended murderer.

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The Greeks and the Jews scarce ever obtain justice against the Turks, who load them with every manner of insult with impunity.

An attempt was made to introduce the art of printing at Constantinople; but it did not succeed. This art would render that talent of all the learned men in this country useless, which consists in tracing elegantly the characters of the language; and printing not being able to reach the neatness and elegance of writing, has been despised. The Turks have received no part of that light which commerce and the sciences have spread over the other nations of Europe. A captain basha asked a Venetian ambassador at the Porte, Whether the Russians were neighbours to the republic? Yes, replied the ambassador, there is only you betwixt us.

In the fourth volume, M. de Tott gives an account of a voyage he made into Egypt, and the sea-ports of the Levant, in order to examine the foreign government of the Turks. The bashas, absolute in their provinces, purchase impunity by the product of their oppressions: When they become dangerous, or suspected on account of their riches, the Grand Signior gets them assassinated, and seizes on their spoils. A dreadful law, which affixes so great a value upon cruelty, and holds out such temptations to injustice.

The sources of the Nile, says M. de Tott, are not well known, tho' a Traveller, of the name of Bruce, pretends to have discovered them. "I saw at Cairo, (adds he,) the servant whom he had taken, the guide who conducted him, the companion of his journey. I am well assured that he had no knowledge of this discovery; and it cannot be objected against his testimony, that a philosopher like Mr Bruce was not bound to give any account of his observations to his servant. The pride of

celebrity is lost in a desert; the master and the servant disappear, and we only see two men, who, amid the necessities which surround them, are equally eager to communicate their discoveries, and obliged to afford mutual assistance. The more robust of the two would possess the superiority; and the servant whom I mention, born in the country, had too much of this quality to allow Mr Bruce to carry off the glory of a discovery merely local."

We shall conclude this extract with an anecdote which presents a valuable discovery in medicine, and affords an admirable receipt against a very common disease. A basha had taken a great liking to a European merchant. This last being confined to his bed by the gout, the basha, who valued himself on his skill in medicine, wished to cure his friend, and ordered two of his servants to give his guest fifty strokes with a cudgel upon the soles of his feet. Those slaves, who were ignorant of the good intentions of their master, executed their orders with a rigour of which they boasted on their return before the basha. Oh! how unlucky, cried he; I wished to cure my friend, not to insult him. In the first movement of his passion, he made his unfortunate servants receive a hundred strokes, and then sent to make his excuse to the merchant; who by this marvellous secret found himself completely cured.

These memoirs are curious and interesting; they give us a very intimate acquaintance with the genius and manners of the Turks. A greater attention to method in his observations might have been more agreeable to some readers; but we must remember that this is not a treatise on the manners of the Turks, but the journal of a traveller, who must follow the order of facts.

*L'Esprit des Journaux*



*Observations on the Construction of the Heavens, by WILLIAM HERSCHEL, Esq.*

HITHERTO the sidereal heavens have, not inadequately for the purpose designed, been represented by the concave surface of a sphere, in the centre of which the eye of an observer might be supposed to be placed. It is true, the various magnitudes of the fixed stars even then plainly suggested to us, and would have better suited, the idea of an expanded firmament of three dimensions; but the observations upon which I am now going to enter, still farther illustrate and enforce the necessity of considering the heavens in this point of view. In future, therefore, we shall look upon those regions into which we may now penetrate by means of our large telescopes, as a naturalist regards a rich extent of ground or chain of mountains, containing strata variously inclined and directed, as well as consisting of very different materials. A surface of a globe or map, therefore, will but ill delineate the interior parts of the heavens.

It may well be expected, that the great advantage of a large aperture in a telescope would be most sensibly perceived with all those objects that require much light, such as the very small and immensely distant fixed stars, the very faint nebulae, the close and compressed clusters of stars, and the remote planets.

On applying the telescope to a part of the *via lactea*, I found that it completely resolved the whole whitish appearance into small stars, which my former telescopes had not light enough to effect. The portion of this extensive tract, which it has hitherto been convenient for me to observe, is that immediately about the hand and club of Orion. The glorious multitude of stars of all possible sizes that presented themselves here to my view was truly astonish-

ing; but as the dazzling brightness of glittering stars may easily mislead us so far as to estimate their number greater than it really is, I endeavoured to ascertain this point by counting many fields, and computing, from a mean of them, what a certain given portion of the milky way might contain. Among many trials of this sort I found, last January the 18th, that six fields, promiscuously taken, contained 110, 60, 70, 90, 70, and 74 stars each. I then tried to pick out the most vacant place that was to be found in that neighbourhood, and counted 63 stars. A mean of the first six gives 79 stars for each field. Hence, by allowing 15 minutes of a great circle for the diameter of my field of view, we gather, that a belt of 15 degrees long and two broad, or the quantity which I have often seen pass through the field of my telescope in one hour's time, could not well contain less than 50,000 stars, that were large enough to be distinctly numbered. But, besides these, I suspected at least twice as many more, which, for want of light, I could only see now and then by faint glittering and interrupted glimpses.

The excellent collection of nebulae and clusters of stars which has lately been given in the *Connoissance des Temps* for 1783 and 1784, leads me next to a subject which, indeed, must open a new view of the heavens. As soon as the first of these volumes came to my hands, I applied my former twenty-foot reflector of 12 inches aperture to them; and saw, with the greatest pleasure, that most of the nebulae, said to be without stars, which I had an opportunity of examining in proper situations, yielded to the force of my light and power, and have either plainly appeared to be nothing but stars, or at least to

contain stars, and to show every other indication of consisting of them entirely.

When I began this series of observations, I surmised, that several nebulae might yet remain undiscovered, for want of sufficient light to detect them; and was therefore in hopes of making a valuable addition to the clusters of stars and nebulae already collected and given us in the work before referred to, which amount to 103. The event has plainly proved that my expectations were well founded: for I have already found 466 new nebulae and clusters of stars, none of which, to my present knowledge, have been seen before by any person; most of them, indeed, are not within the reach of the best common telescopes now in use. In all probability many more are still in reserve; and as I am pursuing this track, I shall make them up into separate catalogues, of about two or three hundred at a time, and have the honour of presenting them in that form to the Royal Society.

A very remarkable circumstance attending the nebulae and clusters of stars is, that they are arranged into strata, which seem to run on to a great length; and some of them I have already been able to pursue, so as to guess pretty well at their form and direction. It is probable enough, that they may surround the whole apparent sphere of the heavens, not unlike the milky way, which undoubtedly is nothing but a stratum of fixed stars. And as this latter immense starry bed is not of equal breadth or lustre in every part, nor runs on in one straight direction, but is curved and even divided into two streams along a very considerable portion of it; we may likewise expect the greatest variety in the strata of the clusters of stars and nebulae. One of these nebulous beds is so rich, that, in passing through a section of it, in the time of only 36 minutes, I

detected no less than 31 nebulae, all of different shapes, and distinctly visible upon a fine blue sky.

It is very probable, that the great stratum, called the milky way, is that in which the sun is placed, tho' perhaps not in the very centre of its thickness. We gather this from the appearance of the Galaxy, which seems to encompass the whole heavens, as it certainly must do if the sun is within the same. For, suppose a number of stars arranged between two parallel planes, indefinitely extended every way, but at a given considerable distance from each other; and, calling this a sidereal stratum, an eye placed somewhere within it will see all the stars in the direction of the planes of the stratum projected into a great circle, which will appear lucid on account of the accumulation of the stars; while the rest of the heavens at the sides will only seem to be scattered over with constellations, more or less crowded, according to the distance of the planes or number of stars contained in the thickness or sides of the stratum.

If the eye were placed somewhere without the stratum, at no very great distance, the appearance of the stars within it would assume the form of one of the less circles of the sphere, which would be more or less contracted to the distance of the eye; and if this distance were exceedingly increased, the whole stratum might at last be drawn together into a lucid spot or nebula of any shape, according to the position, length, and height of the stratum.

From appearances, then, as I observed before, we may infer, that the sun is most likely placed in one of the great strata of the fixed stars, and very probably not far from the place where some smaller stratum branches out from it. Such a supposition will satisfactorily, and with great simplicity, account for all the phenomena



of the milky way, which, according to this hypothesis, is no other than the appearance of the projection of the stars contained in this stratum and its secondary branch. As a farther inducement to look on the Galaxy in this point of view, let it be considered, that we can no longer doubt of its whitish appearance arising from the mixed lustre of the numberless stars that compose it. Now, should we imagine it to be an irregular ring of stars, in the centre nearly of which we must then suppose the sun to be placed, it will appear not a little extraordinary, that the sun, being a fixed star like those which compose this imagined ring, should just be in the centre of such a multitude of celestial bodies, without any apparent reason for this singular distinction; whereas, on our supposition, every star in this stratum, not very near the termination of its length or height, will be so placed as also to have its own Galaxy, with only

such variations in the form and lustre of it, as may arise from the particular situation of each star.

Various methods may be pursued to come to a full knowledge of the sun's place in the sidereal stratum, of which I shall only mention one as the most general and most proper for determining this important point, and which I have already begun to put in practice. I call it *Gaging the Heavens*, or the *Star-Gage*. It consists in repeatedly taking the number of stars in ten fields of view of my reflector very near each other, and by adding their sums, and cutting off one decimal on the right, a mean of the contents of the heavens, in all the parts which are thus gaged, is obtained. By way of example, I have joined a short table, extracted from the gages contained in my journal; by which it appears, that the number of stars increases very fast as we approach the *Via Lactea*.

N. P. D. 92 to 94°.

R. A.	Gage.
15 10	9.4
15 22	10.6
15 47	10.6
16 8	12.1
16 25	13.6
16 37	18.6

N. P. D. 78 to 80°.

R. A.	Gage.
11 16	3.1
12 31	3.4
12 44	4.6
12 49	3.9
13 5	3.8
14 30	3.6

If the sun should be placed in the great sidereal stratum of the milky way, and, as we have furnished above, not far from the branching out of a secondary stratum, it will very naturally lead us to guess at the cause of the probable motion of the solar system: for the very bright, great node of the *Via Lactis*, or union of the two strata about *Cepheus* and *Cassiopeia*, and the *Scorpion* and *Sagittarius*, points out a conflux of strata manifestly quite sufficient to occasion a tendency towards that node

in any star situated at no very great distance; and the secondary branch of the Galaxy not being much less than a semicircle seems to indicate such a situation of our solar system in the great undivided stratum as the most probable.

What has been said in a former paper on the subject of the solar motion seems also to support this supposed situation of the sun; for the apex there assigned lies nearly in the direction of a motion of the sun towards the node of the strata. Besides,

sides, the joining strata making a pretty large angle at the junction with the primary one, it may easily be admitted, that the motion of a star in the great stratum, especially if situated considerably towards the side farthest from the small stratum, will be turned sufficiently out of the straight direction of the great stratum towards the secondary one. But I find myself insensibly led to say more on this subject than I am as yet authorised to do. I shall therefore wait till the observations in which I am at present engaged shall furnish me with proper materials for the dis-

quisition of so new a subject. And though my single endeavours should not succeed in a work that seems to require the joint effort of every astronomer, yet so much we may venture to hope, that, by applying ourselves with all our powers to the improvement of telescopes, which I look upon as yet in their infant state, and turning them with assiduity to the study of the heavens, we shall in time obtain some faint knowledge of, and perhaps be able partly to delineate, *the Interior Construction of the Universe.*

*Phil. Transf.*

*Letter from Miss CATHARINE T—— to the Honourable Miss C——.*

**T**HOUGH it is a letter of Lady Mary's I ought to answer, I cannot write two posts together without addressing myself to my dear Miss C——: and yet I am sensible too that this will put our correspondence quite wrong; for then I must answer your letter to Lady Mary, and so pay sufficiently for one wrong step by going on wrong ever after. I wish I could give a fine passage in Agamemnon, which would be very *apropos* here: but unfortunately it does not come out till nine o'clock to-morrow morning; and I must absolutely write the greatest part of my letter to-night, whilst I am undressing, if I would make it any tolerable length; for I have engagements laid out for to-morrow from the moment I rise. Those for the morning are very delightful, and I heartily wish you could share the amusement of them with me. You know B——c W——s, or at least it is not my fault that you do not: for when at any time some of his oddities have peculiarly struck my fancy, I have writ you whole volumes about him. However, that you may not be forced to recollect how I have formerly tired you, I will re-

peat, that with one of the honestest hearts in the world, he has one of the oddest heads that ever dropped out of the moon. Extremely well versed in coins, he knows hardly any thing of mankind; and you may judge what kind of education such an one is likely to give to four wild girls, who have had no female directors to polish their behaviour, or any other habitation than a great rambling mansion-house in a country village. As, by his little knowledge of the world, he has ruined a fine estate that was, when he first had it, 2000 l. per annum; his present circumstances oblige him to an odd kind of frugality, that shows itself in the slovenliness of his dress, and makes him think London much too extravagant an abode for his daughters, at the same time that his zeal for antiquities makes him think an old copper farthing very cheaply bought with a guinea, and any journey properly undertaken, that will bring him to some old cathedral on the saint's day to which it was dedicated. As, if you confine the natural growth of a tree, it will shoot out in a wrong place, in spite of his expensiveness, he appears saving in

almost every article of life that people should expect him otherwise in; and, in spite of his frugality, his fortune, I believe, grows worse and worse every day. I have told you before he is the dirtiest creature in the world; so much so, that it is quite disagreeable to sit by him at table. He makes one suit of clothes serve him at least two years; and then his great coat has been transmitted down, I believe, from generation to generation, ever since Noah. On Sunday he was quite a beau. The bishop of Gloucester is his idol; and if Mr W. was Pope, *St Martin*, as he calls him, would not wait a minute for canonization.

To honour last Sunday as it deserved, after having run about all the morning to all the St George's churches whose difference of hours permitted him, he came to dine with us in a tie wig that exceeds indeed all description. It is a tie wig (the very colour of it is inexpressible) that he has had, he says, these nine years; and of late it has lain by at his barber's, never to be put on but once a-year, in honour of the bishop of Gloucester's birth-day. But you will say, what is all this to my engagement this morning?—Why, you must know, B—e distinguishes his four daughters into the lions and the lambs. The lambs are very good, and very insipid: they were in town about ten days, that ended the beginning of last week; and now the lions have succeeded them, who have a little spirit of rebellion, that makes them infinitely more agreeable than their softer sisters. The lambs went to every church that B—e pleased every day; the lions came to St James's church on St George's day. The lambs thought on no higher entertainment than to see some collections of shells; the lions would see every thing, and go every where. The lambs dined here one day, were thought good awkward girls, and

then were laid out of our thoughts for ever. The lions dined with us on Sunday, and were so extremely diverting, that we spent all yesterday morning, and are engaged to spend all this in entertaining them, and going ourselves to a comedy that I think has no ill-nature in it; for the simplicity of these girls has nothing blameable in it, and the contemplation of such unassisted nature is infinitely amusing.

They follow Miss Jenny's rule, of never being strange in a strange place; yet in them this is not boldness. I could send you a thousand traits of them, if I was sure they would not lose by being wrote down; but there is no imitating that inimitable *naiveté* that is the grace of their character.

They were placed in our seat on Sunday. (Alas! I was used to seeing it filled with people that were quite indifferent to me, till seeing you in it once has thrown a fresh melancholy upon it.) I wondered to have heard no remarks upon the prince and princess: their remarks on every thing else were admirable. As they sat in the drawing-room after dinner, one of them called to Mr Seeker, *I wish you would give me a glass of sack.* The bishop of Oxford came in, and one of them broke out very abruptly, *But we heard every word of the sermon where we sat; and a very good sermon it was,* added she, with a decisive nod. The bishop of Gloucester gave them tickets to go to the play; and one of them took great pains to repeat to him till he heard it, *I would not rob you; but I know you are very rich, and can afford it; for I ben't covetous; indeed I an't covetous.* Poor girls! their father will have them out of town to-morrow: and they begged very hard that we would all join in intreating him to let them stay as long as their younger sisters had done; but all our intreaties were in vain, and to-morrow the

poor lions return to their den in the stage-coach. Indeed, in his birthday tie-wig, he looked like the father in the farce. Mrs Secker was so diverted with them, that I wished a thousand times for the invention of Scapin, and I would have made no scruple of assuming the character, and inspiring my friends with the laudable spirit of rebellion. I have picked out some of the dullest of their traits to tell you. They pressed us extremely to come and breakfast with them at their lodgings, four inches square, in Chapel-street, at eight o'clock in the morning, and bring a *staymaker* and the *Bishop of Gloucester* with us. We put off the engagement till eleven; sent the *stay-maker* to measure them at nine, and Mrs Secker and I went and found our ladies quite undressed; so

that, instead of taking them to Kensington-Gardens, as we promised, we were forced, for want of time, to content ourselves with carrying them round Grosvenor-square into the Ring, where, for want of better amusement, they were fain to fall upon a basket of dirty sweet-meats and cakes, that an old woman is always teasing you with there, which they had nearly dispatched in a couple of rounds——O! it were needless to tell you all that has inexpressibly diverted me in their behaviour and conversation. I have yet told you nothing; and yet I have, in telling that nothing, wasted all the time that my heart ought to have employed in saying a thousand things to you that it is more deeply interested in, &c.

*Lond. Mag.*

#### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES of CELEBRATED MUSICIANS.

##### N<sup>o</sup> 2. *Thomas Tallis.*

THOMAS TALLIS, one of the greatest musicians that England ever produced, flourished about the middle of the 16th century. He served in the Chapel Royal under four successive sovereigns; Henry VIII. Edward VI. Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth.

His studies seem to have been wholly devoted to the service of the church; at least his name is not once to be found to any of the musical compositions of a gayer kind, which are framed for private amusement.

Among a variety of scholars, who profited by his instructions, William Bird, hereafter to be taken notice of, appears to have stood highest in his favour. They made a joint publication in 1575 of one of the noblest collections of compositions for the service of the church that ever appeared.

This work was published under

the protection of a patent of Queen Elizabeth, the first of the kind which had been granted.

It is somewhat singular, that the original Latin words are preserved in these compositions intended for the service of the church, at a time when the whole service was performed in English. It is not easy to account for this circumstance any other way, than by supposing they were originally intended for Queen Mary's chapel.

Although Tallis is commonly said to have been organist to King Henry VIII. it may be doubted whether there existed such an establishment as that of organist to the Chapel Royal prior to the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It is more than probable, that anciently the duty of the organist, both in cathedral and collegiate churches, and in abbeys, monasteries, and other religious houses, was performed by some of the vicar's choral, or other mem-  
bers

bers of the choir. Tallis and Bird were severally appointed organists to the Chapel Royal in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign.

Tallis may with great propriety be styled the Father of the cathedral style of music in England. His compositions are elegant and learned; and at the same time are truly original. For although he appears to have been a diligent collector of musical antiquities, and a careful peruser of the works of other men, yet it is much to be doubted, considering the time in which Tallis flourished, whether he owes any thing to the improvements of the great Palestrina, to whom the Italians also give the appellation of Father of the cathedral style. Palestrina appears to have been born in 1529, and to have flourished much about the same time with Tallis, as he died in 1594. It is probable, therefore, that Tallis formed his style upon some of the ancient German musicians, whose reputation at that time was higher than that of the Italians. A circumstance which renders this still more likely is, that Joannes Okenheim, a native of the Low Countries, and a disciple of Iodocus Pratenfis, had made a composition for no fewer than 36 voices, which Glareanus says was greatly admired; and Tallis composed a motet for 40 voices\*.

But the work of all others by which he has been most distinguished, and is most generally known, is the music of those parts of the English liturgy which, were in his time deemed most proper to be sung. These were the two morning services; the one comprehending the *Venite exultemus*, *Te Deum*, and *Benedictus*; and the other, which is part of the communion office, consisting of the *Kyrie Eleison*, Nicene creed, and *Sanctus*;—and also the evening service, containing the *Magnificat* and *Nunc dimittis*. These are all contained in what is

called *Tallis's First Service*. He also set the *preces* and responses, and composed that liturgy which, for its excellence, is sung on solemn occasions in all places where the choral service is performed.

The whole merit of that work is not, however, due to Tallis alone. The *preces* in his first service are the same with those of Marbeck, which will be taken notice of in his life. The responses are somewhat different in the tenor part; but Tallis has considerably improved them by the addition of three parts.

The services of Tallis contain also chants for the *venite exultemus* and the creed of St Athanasius.

Besides the offices above mentioned, Tallis composed many anthems; two of them, of very considerable merit, are contained in the collection published by Bird and him, formerly mentioned, *O sacrum convivium*, better known by the initial words "I call and cry," English words having been adapted to that composition by the celebrated Dean Aldrich:—and *Absterge Domine*, much commended by Butler in his principles of music, who makes use of it as an authority for many purposes. There are several of his anthems printed in a collection, intitled, "The first book of selected church-music, collected out of divers approved authors, by John Barnard, one of the minor canons of the cathedral church of St Paul's, 1641;" as, "O Lord, give thy Holy Spirit," in four parts; "with all our hearts;" "blessed be thy name;" "wipe away my sins;" and others, in five parts. It does not appear that Tallis ever attained any academical honour. He died the 23d day of November 1585, and was buried in the parish church of Greenwich in Kent †. Strype, in his continuation of Stow, published in 1720, has preserved the following epitaph, which he says he found in the

\* Hawk. Hist. iii. 262.

† Ibid. 266.

the chancel of the church of Greenwich, engraved on a brass plate in old letters, upon a stone before the rails.

Entarred here doth ly a worthy wyght,  
Who for long time in music bore the bell;  
His name to shew, was Thomas Tallis  
hyght,  
In honest vertuous lyff he dyd excell.  
He serv'd long time in chappel with grete  
prayc  
Four soveregyns regnes (a thing not often  
seen),  
Imean Kyng Henry and Prince Edward's dayes,  
Queen Mary, and Elizabeth our Queen.

He maryed was, tho' children he had none;  
And lyy'd in love full thre and thirty  
yeres

With loyal spouise, whose name yelypt was  
Jone,

Who here entomb'd, him company now  
bears.

As he did lyve, so also did he dy,

In mild and quiet fert. O happy man!

To God full oft for mercy did he cry;

Wherefore he lyves, let deth do what he  
can.

The stone on which this inscription  
was engraven was repaired by  
Dean Aldrich \*.

L.

*Letter to Miss ———, containing Advice.*

My dear Nancy,  
YOU know I promised to give you  
my sentiments on the subject  
which lately engaged us in conversa-  
tion; I mean, on the conduct of a  
young woman during courtship and  
after marriage. Though perhaps  
those who know us may smile at my  
assuming the office of a Mentor, yet  
as I have not been an unobserving  
spectator of the conduct of the  
world, nor escaped that disgust,  
which impropriety and indecorum  
frequently excite, you must forget  
my age, and look only at the pre-  
cepts, without a glance at the pre-  
ceptor.

If you consider for a moment, that  
the man who offers you his hand, se-  
lects you, from all his acquaintance,  
as his intimate friend, the compan-  
ion of his heart, the sharer of his  
pleasures and his misfortunes, you  
will perceive it to be a distinction  
peculiarly flattering. Yet it is a dis-  
tinction which a momentary fancy  
may excite, which interested mo-  
tives may dictate, or the more tri-  
fling vanity of possessing a person  
usually admired and frequently court-  
ed may induce. Look at these mo-  
tives, apply them to the man who  
now solicits your distinction, and

treat him accordingly. If you find  
that his application results from tran-  
sitory or unworthy causes, you can  
have no hesitation: reject him, with-  
out suffering your heart to suggest a  
hint in his favour. If, on the con-  
trary, you perceive that his love is  
founded on esteem, on a knowledge  
of your disposition, on the qualities  
of your mind; if it is no light effu-  
sion of the moment, but the result of  
a steady deliberate resolution; you  
may pause, and hold the balance  
with a steady hand. But here, my  
dear girl, comes the trial, the severe  
ordeal, which few of your sex pass  
through with impunity. Those who  
have figured in the gay world, who  
have been flattered and attended with  
the servility which distinguishes the  
insipid dangles of the drawing and  
assembly room, find a pleasure in this  
round of trifling; their depraved ap-  
petites, by so long abstinence from  
solid and nutritious diet, are unable  
to digest any thing but the trash with  
which they have been fed. Ladies  
of this stamp receive every offer from  
a man of modest worth and respec-  
table talents with disdain; and from  
their usual companions, never meet  
with a similar proposal. On the other  
hand, the more humble dependent  
catches

\* Hawk. Hist. iii. 266.



watches at a prospect of a permanent establishment, free from the galling fetters which she has so long felt. In this new situation, she sees nothing but pleasure without restraint, but freedom without alloy. I need not tell you, Nancy, that the conduct of each class is equally reprehensible. There is a different kind of disposition which is occasionally found both in the one and the other, equally fatal to its own interest and to its own happiness. It is distinguished by romantic expectations, and a trifling timidity, not the result of a delicate caution, but of a weak indecisive mind. The romantic girl, her head filled with *sentiment*, looks for the hero of a novel, and yields only after a long courtship, in which all the artillery of attention, duels, and intrigues, have been expended. She who is weak and indecisive, leads her lover on by continual expectation, till his passion, necessarily transitory if unrequited, decays, and is at last extinguished. She then declaims on his inconstancy.

Look at these several pictures with attention; examine the contradictory and jarring atoms which may yet meet in one individual, and you will find some clue to unravel the giddy eccentricities of the coquette, or the artful procrastinators of the prude. Avoid both of these extremes: indeed they require only to be contemplated to be rejected with disgust. I will now suppose that you have considered the motives, the situation, and even the person, of the man who addresses you, with a proper impartiality; and have guarded your mind by a prospect of the errors of others, have examined your inclinations with a rigid scrutiny. There are two maxims very generally received by young girls as undisputed truths, though both are equally fallacious: the one, that to accept the hand of a lover requires an ardent love; the other, that the

person who has once loved can never be again in the same situation. It is worth while to spend a few moments on each of these positions.

If by *love* is meant that romantic folly which urges your sex to the most unaccountable and unjustifiable connections, I am sure it is not a necessary ingredient in the matrimonial cup. Love, as I have already hinted, is founded on the just basis of esteem and confidence; but it is something more. Between amiable people, of different sexes, it acquires an animating warmth, which raises it above friendship; it acquires an interesting attraction superior to esteem. This warmth, and this attraction, often subsist separate from what ought to be their foundation; but it is invariably found, that while they are "baseless as the fabric of a vision," they are equally unstable also. They leave only unavailing remorse, and an useless, but lasting repentance. In that rational attachment, where esteem is not only the foundation, but the distinguishing feature; where the romantic raptures are obscure and indistinct; there is, at least, a substance durable and permanent. It is not the morning cloud, or the early dew, which the sun or the wind may dissipate: it is interwoven in our natures; it is a part of our constitution; and its duration is equally stable. Supposing that every feeling which can characterise the warmest love, should happen to be joined to this esteem, you will then soon distinguish their different natures. The impetuous passion will, by degrees, soften down to tenderness; the animated warmth will become more temperate, and the whole fabric will disappear, leaving only the steady foundation, which time cannot dissolve. This, Nancy, is not theory only—look into the world, and each moment will show you a striking example of both particulars. What then is the result? Refuse no man

because you can *only* esteem him as a *friend*: if he possesses delicacy and generosity, your esteem will not melt indeed into love, that is a delusive position; but it will soften into a proper tenderness, which will influence every part of your conduct.

How many has the second position deceived? yet it will continue to deceive more; for there is scarcely a girl who thinks that it is possible to love a second time. If it were worth while to contend with this phantom, for be assured, my dear girl, it is one, I need only again direct you to the dictates of experience; and if love *can* be characterised, it has certainly been found *more* than *once* in the same person. The refuge from the force of these examples is trifling and contemptible. A strenuous antagonist tells you, that *one* of these passions is the only true love; another, that it is not *two*, but a continuation of the same feeling; the person only is changed. I will allow both these answers, ridiculous as they are: for they will teach you, Nancy, another useful lesson; though you have loved once, you may yet be happy. If I do not allow them, the lesson is equally established by what is my firm opinion, that love, *so far as it is connected with happiness*, may be felt more than once for objects very different. The feelings may, in one instance, be more vivid than in another; and consequently the most active flame will be alone recognized as the favourite passion.

With your eyes opened to the source of these different errors, your determination will be more correct; and the consequences more probably fortunate. If you accept of your present offer, from the most deliberate examination, I shall next offer you some advice on your conduct. In love-affairs there is an established language; but it is a mere system of words, and you should consider it in no other light: "honour and fa-

vour, coldness and cruelty, raptures and despair," all mean the same; that is, in fact, neither of them mean any thing. If a man addresses you in a style so trifling, it is an affront to your understanding; if, in another, in a more absurd and licentious manner, it is an affront to your delicacy. A man of sense will address himself to your mind; yet, in such a situation, there is so great a difficulty, the subject itself is so important, and the success, in general, so precarious, that it staggers the firmest resolutions, and disconcerts the most deliberate determinations. It is said, and with justice, that, at this time, every man behaves like a fool; but, perhaps, there is not a more strong mark of folly, than a careless confident assurance, in a step on which future happiness so much depends. Do not, therefore, think the worse of any man who delays his declaration, and, after frequent opportunities, loses every chance by a seemingly unreasonable diffidence. The answer of every woman, in similar circumstances, is not very different. If she is not aware of the declaration, she must necessarily be astonished, and unable to reply; if she is, her answer wears the same air of doubt, of hesitation, and seemingly of coldness. The whole sex resemble Milton's picture of Eve, who would not, "*unsought, be won.*" I do not mean to blame this conduct; it is proper in almost every view. Some deviations from it I have known; and, in such circumstances, admired the candour and sincerity of the female heart. In this situation, I suppose that the person who asks is not indifferent to the lady; for on this part of the subject we are now talking. If she has determined to reject her lover, nothing can excuse the folly, the injustice, of not making an explicit declaration in the softest, but most determined language. The delicacy, the *real* delicacy, which



for a proper period seems to shrink from a request of this kind, though sometimes affected, is frequently sincere. The softness of the female mind is not always equal to an instant decision; and its timidity is terrified by the prospect of the important change. But remember, Nancy, every virtue has its kindred vice. This proper, this justifiable delicacy may, when indulged too far, degenerate into the most trifling procrastination. It is not easy to fix its limits, because they must vary with the circumstances of each individual; but I think a woman may know her own opinion, and that of her friends, in two, or at farthest three weeks.

If the lover, in that time, is not absolutely rejected, the woman's character will certainly suffer in his mind, and in the opinion of the world, if, without any unforeseen circumstance, he be not at last accepted. In this case delay gives encouragement, and silence, in the common language, gives consent.

I must now, Nancy, leave you for a time to your reflections. I shall probably again address to you what remains on this subject.

I am,

My dear girl,

Your very sincere friend,

ZENO.

T. and C. Mag.

*Character of HANDEL as a Composer, by Dr BURNBY.*

THAT Handel was superior in the strength and boldness of his style, the richness of his harmony, and complication of parts, to every composer who has been most admired for such excellencies cannot be disputed. And, while *fugue*, *contrivance*, and a *full score*, were more generally revered than at present, he remained wholly unrivalled.

I know it has been said, that Handel was not the original and immediate inventor of several species of music, for which his name has been celebrated; but with respect to *originality*, it is a term to which proper limits should be set, before it is applied to the productions of any artist. Every *invention* is clumsy in its beginning, and Shakespeare was not the first writer of *plays*, or Corelli the first composer of *violin solos*, *sonatas*, and *concertos*, though those which he produced are the best of his time; nor was Milton the inventor of *epic poetry*. The scale, harmony, and cadence, of music, being settled, it is impossible for any composer to invent a *genus* of composition that is *wholly*

*and rigorously new*, any more than for a poet to form a *language*, *idiom*, and *phraseology*, for himself. All that the greatest and boldest musical inventor can do, is to avail himself of the best effusions, combinations, and effects, of his predecessors, to arrange and apply them in a new manner; and to add, from his own source, whatever he can draw, that is grand, graceful, gay, pathetic, or in any other way pleasing. This Handel did in a most ample and superior manner; being possessed, in his middle age and full vigour, of every refinement and perfection of his time; uniting the depth and elaborate contrivance of his own country, with Italian elegance and facility; as he seems, while he resided south of the Alps, to have listened attentively in the church, theatre, and chamber, to the most exquisite compositions and performers of every kind that were then existing.

And though we had *cantatas* by Carissimi, Alessandro Scarlatti, Gasparini, and Marcello; *duets* by Stefani and Clari; *vocal choruses*, with-

out instrumental accompaniments by Palestrina, and our own Tallis, Bird, and Purcell; and with accompaniments by Carissimi, as well as Paolo Colonna; with *violin sonatas* and *concertos* by Corelli and Geminiani; yet it may with the utmost truth be asserted, that Handel added considerable beauties to whatever style or species of composition he adopted, which in a larger work it would not be difficult to demonstrate by examples. At present, I shall only venture to give it as part of my musical *profession de foi*, that his *air* or *melody*, is greatly superior to any that can be found in the otherwise charming cantatas which Carissimi seems to have invented; that he is more natural in his voice-parts, and has given *more movement to his basses* than Alef. Scarlatti; that he has more *force* and *originality* than Gasparini or Marcello; that his *chamber duets* are at least equal to those of Steffani and Clari, who were remarkable for no other species of composition. And though the late Dr Boyce used to say, that Handel had great obligations to Colonna for his choruses *with instrumental accompaniments*, it seems indisputable, that

such choruses were infinitely more obliged to Handel than he to Colonna, or indeed than they were to all the composers that have ever existed. It is my belief likewise, that the best of his *Italian opera songs* surpass in variety of style, and ingenuity of accompaniment, those of all preceding and cotemporary composers throughout Europe; that he has more *fire* in his compositions for violins than Corelli, and more *rhythm* than Geminiani; that in his full, masterly, and excellent *organ fugues*, upon the most natural and pleasing subjects, he has surpassed Frescobaldi; and even Sebastian, Bach, and others of his countrymen, the most renowned for abilities in this difficult and elaborate species of composition; and, lastly, that all the judicious and unprejudiced musicians of every country, upon hearing or perusing his noble, majestic, and frequently sublime *full anthems* and *oratorio choruses*, must allow with readiness and rapture, that they are utterly unacquainted with any thing equal to them among the works of the greatest masters that have existed since the invention of counterpoint.

ACCOUNT of the Discovery of the WHITE HILL, or MONT BLANC, in the Alps. By Mr BOURRET, of Geneva, in 1784.

MANY descriptions have been written of Mont Blanc, but its summit has ever been deemed inaccessible. The *Buet*, though the highest mountain hitherto explored; is not more than 1578 fathoms; yet its top is covered with a plain of never-melting ice. Mr Bourret, after having discovered the road that leads to it, and visited that place seven different times, turned all his thoughts to find out the means of ascending the Mont Blanc. After various attempts for the space of six years, he made an effort the latter end of last

year (1784); but after having got very high, he was overtaken by a storm, which compelled him to retire; after a most uncomfortable night, spent in the open air, on the rocks which stood nearest to the heaps of ice and snow.

Mr Bourret, no ways discouraged by this first disappointment, surveyed the hill, and imagined that it was of an easier access from the defile that leads to the passage called *Bon Homme*, than from Chamouni. Having reached that part of the Alps, he took some necessary informations;

and

and in company with two huntsmen, inhabitants of the Hamlet called *La Grué*, two more from Chamouni, and another from Salenche, he entered the vale of Bianocay, situate at the foot of a great plain of ice that comes down from Mont Blanc. The vale above mentioned is truly *unique* in its kind; entrailed as it were in the very bowels of the earth, its soil is well cultivated, and its situation beautiful and pleasing in every respect. The only way to it is thro' a craggy foot-path, bordered with most dreadful precipices. They arrived at that place on Thursday the 16th September 1784; but continuing on their way, they reached the last *lactarium* or dairy, where they were welcomed by the only inhabitant, a young girl, who made a fire, and refreshed them with some milk; after which our bold travellers laid themselves down on the dry grafs for a few hours. Between twelve and one o'clock the next morning they went on, preceded by a man bearing a light before them. This method of climbing up hills in the dead of night has its advantages in this—the eye of the traveller is not terrified by the sight of the precipices that stand on each side of him. Besides, the road appears less tedious, as the eye cannot measure the length of the way. They went on in this manner; and after a fatiguing walk of four leagues and a half, keeping close to the icy plain on their right hand, stunned by the tremendous noise of the torrents, and the rolling down of the ice, imitating in its fall the roaring of the loudest thunder, they stopped till day-light. They could not help admiring the purity of the sky, the quantity and brilliancy of the stars; but they observed, that as they went up, the air grew keener at every step, and the wind blew vehemently from the heights.

At day-break they resumed their painful task; they climbed over huge

rocks, which, however, as they were solid, proved no great obstacle to them; the greatest inconvenience they felt was from the most piercing cold, which increased every instant. Having reached the bottom of Mont Blanc, Mr Bourret put on warmer clothes, and with his cramp-irons prepared to cross an immense plain of ice. Mean while, two of his companions attempted to ascend from the opposite declivity, and were soon out of sight. Their sudden disappearance did not create much anxiety, because it often happens, that after several windings round rocks, standing at small distances from each other, the parties at last meet on the same spot. This was not the case here; several hours elapsed before they were descried again, standing at the extremity of the icy plain. The first sight of two living creatures on that dreary and frightful spot, as it raised the admiration of their fellow-travellers, excited in the latter a spirit of emulation to join them. They went on, therefore, with fresh courage; but their progress was soon stopped by such penetrating cold, that they began to despair of overcoming this new obstacle. The air was so keen, that they felt as if the skin on their face had been raised up by the pricking of a needle. The inhabitant of Salenche could not support it any longer, and was left behind by his companions, in a situation similar to those men who are abandoned in a desert and dreary island.

Although this might be considered as an incumbrance our travellers had got rid of, yet they were not more lucky in their own fortunes. Mr Bourret finding his strength fail him, they bethought themselves of recruiting his spirits with a glass of wine; but as fate would have it, the two men who had gone before had carried this their only cordial with them: mean while, the cold  
grew

grew so intense, that the thermometer was down four degrees below 0; so that the only thing to be done, was to reach, if possible, such spots as were cherished by the rays of the sun. The determination was unanimous. They ranged along the Mont Blanc: all their thoughts now turned to their two fellow-travellers, whom they soon perceived climbing up the last rocks that support the huge colossus. They cried out to their companions, that they felt a piercing and almost insupportable cold, and that they experienced the greatest difficulties in ascending the rocks. All those, however, they overcame, and were at last discovered standing on that snow-topped mountain, which had been hitherto impervious to mortal man, and pursuing their way under a sky of an azure so lively and resplendent, that it dazzled the beholder. How wonderful and magnificent a spectacle the ascending of those two men, and their appearing as it were to scale heaven, must have proved for those who were witnesses of their efforts and success!

Mr Bourret afterwards carried his steps another way, towards the icy hill called *Griar*, which leads down to Chamouni. In order to reach its summit, he was obliged to cross two large plains of ice, intersected with wide gaping crevices. On the first of these he felt a shock similar to that of an earthquake, which was instantly followed by a loud and general crack: this greatly terrified Mr Bourret's companion, who was unused to such a phenomenon. Our traveller cheered him up, and taking him under the arm, led him to the brink of a crevice, or rather a frightful abyss, above 100 feet deep. The second hill offered new objects of contemplation: this was covered with snow and sharp-pointed pieces of ice. Having with great pain and fatigue reached the extremity of the icy hill, Mr Bourret enjoyed the a-

stonishing prospect of the Great Needles, admired their stupenduous and giant-like form, and the numerous flakes of ice they support. Never had any thing so entirely captivated his attention throughout his frequent journeys in the Alps. His wondering eye ranged over the immense distances; the fields and plains below appeared to him as so many wheel-ruts. The enchanting vale of Chamouni then under him, at the depth of 1500 fathoms, was a phenomenon amongst so many beautiful and awful horrors that surrounded him. Had not recollection brought to his mind that the spots beneath him were inhabited by his fellow-creatures, he might have thought himself transported into a new-modelled world; every thing that struck his sight appearing in so different a light from which he had been used to view those very objects. At that distance from the earth, the latter seems to be no more than a heap of mountains, of inaccessible heights, and ice-topped hills, nothing appearing to the eye but summits of resplendent ice and snow, white vales, and peaks, variegated into a thousand different forms.

Here it was that Mr Bourret stopped to take a little rest. He and his two companions sat themselves down on the brink of a huge rock, their legs hanging down a precipice of a thousand feet in depth. This situation, the bare idea of which must strike every one with horror, was by our travellers contemplated with indifference. They felt no anxiety for themselves, nor for Mr Bourret's little dog, who ventured on the smallest juttings-out of the rocks, and skipped from one to the other with all the deliberation and dexterity of the chamois or wild goat. They remained there for the space of an hour, in a climate, where at noon the thermometer fell below 0; nor would they have thought about

prosecuting their journey for some time, had not the inhabitant of Salenche, overpowered by sleep whilst in a standing posture, fallen to the ground, and so near the precipice, that a retreat from so dangerous a spot was deemed prudent and necessary; the more so, that Mr Bourret felt himself greatly indisposed. His concern was for the two adventurers who had left him. A world of dangers surrounded them; he feared lest they should have met with obstacles too great for the power of man to overcome; nay, the very keenness of the air in those unknown regions was sufficient to destroy them. All these melancholy reflections greatly contributed to increase the disorder of Mr Bourret, who nevertheless with great pain, and supported by his companion, reached the vale of Bianocay about five P. M. and at last the village of Binney, to rest himself a while, take provisions, and return in search of the two missing travellers. This fatigue, however, they were not at the trouble to undergo, as about eleven o'clock at night a voice was heard, vociferating, "Here I am, safely returned from the Mont Blanc." This was Francis Guidet, who gave the following account: "From the instant we lost sight of you, Sir, and our companions, we journeyed for four hours over the snow, and reached the dome or summit of the Gouté, hanging over the white dale, situate in the Vale D'Aost, in Piedmont. From this height we commanded an immense prospect, with the Alps under us, and so extensive a country, that it was out of our power to estimate it; besides the lake of Geneva and others, all the hills and plains of ice, &c. Here, instead of experiencing any cold, we felt as if pla-

*Land. Mag.*

ced in a warm oven. We never thought of coming down, till we observed the sun a great way beneath us, and filling so immense a space as struck us with terror. In two hours time we had left the snowy regions, having slid down by the help of our sticks with such velocity as to lose breath every instant. We did not return over the rocks of the Gouté, but steered towards the icy hill of Bianocay, where you justly deemed the ascent more practicable. In this you were not mistaken, as the rocks there gave us no trouble. Arrived at the foot of the Gouté, and missing you there, we came to this place, where my companion Coulet left me to go back to Chamouni. For my part, deeming it my duty, I stopped here, to put an end to the anxiety you must have felt for our safety."

Thus was the Mont Blanc discovered.—The way that leads to it is easy; and this success proves that Mr Bourret was right in his notions.

The two hardy travellers, in their way back, discovered a crystal oven, where they could not go for want of time. They also perceived, at the height of sixty or eighty fathoms above them, another peak, which they were compelled to leave unexplored, as they wanted both leisure and instruments to cut steps on the ice that surrounded it on all sides. By the report of those two men, and the measurement of the top of the Mont Blanc, they reached to the height of 2346 fathoms.

The reason given by Mr Bourret why the heat experienced by the two travellers should act so powerfully on the body, and yet not dissolve the snow, is, that the amazing whiteness of the latter repels the rays of the sun, which, on the contrary, are entirely absorbed by the body.

*A Legitimate DAUGHTER acknowledged by the Count of ALBANY.*

IT has been imagined, that on the death of the Count of Albany, commonly called the *Pretender*, and that of his brother, the race of Stuart would become extinct; but it now seems in a fair way of being continued by a lady whom the old Chevalier has lately declared to be his legitimate daughter. Of this event the following are said to be the particulars:

“Lady Charlotte, now created Duchess of Albany, is daughter to that monarch in *nubibus*, commonly styled the *Pretender*. Her mother, we hear, was a Scotch lady of the first fashion; but whether now alive or not we cannot take upon us to assert. Lady Charlotte lived retired and unknown amongst the nuns of St Mary, in the Rue St Jacques, on a pension of 60,000 livres, allowed her by her uncle Cardinal York. Her ladyship’s surprise must have been equally great and flattering, when, after so many years passed without taking the least notice of her, the Chevalier wrote to her from Florence, about a month ago, requesting her company to comfort him in his old age. This letter inclosed the various instruments, acknowledging her birth, granting her letters of legitimacy, and creating her Duchess of Albany, together with a copy of his will; by which he appoints her heiress to all his possessions, both *ideal* and *real*; amongst the latter are included his goods and chattels in France, the parliament acknowledging that the former should not be subject to the right of *escheat* or *aubaine*, by which the said estates must otherwise have reverted to the crown. The bulk of the Chevalier’s fortune in France, including his jewels and moveables, is valued at above two millions of livres (about 100,000l.)

Those who are acquainted with the wretched situation in which he was found by the king of Sweden, whose sensibility was so greatly affected by the Chevalier’s distress as to offer the latter his friendship, and to pay him a subsidiary stipend, will look upon the above estimate as somewhat exaggerated; but they should be told, that it is to this very visit from his Swedish Majesty that the Chevalier is indebted for the recovery of the best part of the possessions alluded to. The fact is as follows:—The King of Sweden being informed by the Chevalier that the Cardinal York kept from him all the family jewels, to a very considerable amount, waited on him when at Rome, and expostulated with him on the wretched plight to which the Chevalier was reduced, exhorting the Cardinal to return the jewels to his unfortunate brother; but this application, even from so great an intercessor, would have failed of success, with a man equally conspicuous for his immense wealth, and a parsimony that would degrade the meanest character, had not the King of Sweden called to his assistance the powerful influence of the Pope. The jewels were returned, and part of them sold by the Chevalier. Thus the Cardinal, who carries the love of money so far as to exact of his sister-in-law, the Princess de Stolberg, 500 crowns for the hire of part of a palace which he never inhabits himself, was forced, by the apprehension of incurring the disgrace of his holiness, to do his brother that justice which neither nature, humanity, nor the interference of an amiable monarch, could have extorted from him. Since that time the Chevalier is said to have totally forsaken that debasing habit of drinking which had degraded him



in the opinion of his best friends. With sobriety, his peace of mind, natural good sense, and understanding, are returned, and his royal friend is highly pleased both with his conduct and conversation. It is worthy of remark, that the Chevalier, notwithstanding his natural forbearance, and the humiliations he has experienced, assumes the imperious

style of a sovereign, in the letters written by him to *Monf. de Vergennes* concerning *Lady Charlotte*. He does not request the King to legitimate her, &c. but does it of his own authority, and only expresses a wish that the King may not withhold his consent; which has been readily granted."

*Lond. Mag.*

#### SPEECH to King HENRY IV.

WHEN King Henry IV. had left Poitou, and came up to the little bridge of Montcontour, he found there, waiting to address him, the petty justice of the peace, a tall, withered old man, with a long visage, full of deep wrinkles, his eyes sunk in his head, his beard long and white, and his habit very rough and slovenly.

This man presenting himself to make his harangue to the King, gathered all the courtiers about him, rather for a share in the laugh which they fall into on such occasions, than expecting to hear any thing worth their attention.

The orator immediately, with a grave and sad composure, spake as follows:

"Sire, some of the ancients, adorers of their Kings, called them gods; others, more modestly, styled them images of the Supreme Being: now, it is agreeable to reason, that the image should resemble the original; we are pleased with pictures that represent us truly, and preserve them carefully; but such as disfigure us, and have no right to the name they bear, we throw into the fire, and destroy.

"The features of the face of God are justice and mercy—Princes who are just and merciful are kept in the bosom of the Most High, as his well-beloved portraits; but unjust and unmerciful Kings are images of him

who, being a murderer from the beginning, spirits up the hearts of the great to command murders, and of nobles and armies to execute them, and to despoil the face of the earth of its native beauty, by covering it over with hideous spectacles, such as we have lately seen on the plain you have now passed over; which our eyes beheld one morning enlivened with the appearance of the most gallant nobility of France; under the same sun, covered with their blood; and within two days after, sinking with the putrid smell of ten thousand most excellent warriors; we now see it at last whitening with their bones. Our very dogs are turned wolves by overgorging themselves with blood, the blood of those who had themselves been for some time before employed in slaughtering a whole country; leaving behind them dead bones in the place of living men, and causing helpless infants to perish, while sucking at the half-starved breasts of their famished mothers.

"Death now paid them in gross what they had lent him by retail; but the reckoning is not so to end—for God will require the lives of thousands at the hands of those by whose commands they have fallen; and besides this, few of those grandees escape unslaughtered to their graves, because the great Judge of all, even in this world, executes judgment.

“Sire, your port and countenance promise nothing but high and generous designs: if these depart from justice, which is the only thing indispensably necessary to pursue, they very seldom produce the happy births we wish for, but, in their stead, abortions of monstrous accidents, supposed to be only owing to crofs and unlucky fortune, when thoughtless gaiety speaks its opinion.

“But, Sire, be your instructed, that when we go beyond the bounds that God has prescribed us, he fattens us up for the slaughter, he raises us beyond all measure, to increase beyond measure our fall from the precipice, thereby to signalize the strokes of his judgment:

“Suffer, Sire, those mouths to utter their sorrowful grievances which are daily employed in praying for you against all sinister accidents: our harangue is rough; you have fur-

nished the matter. Taste the fruit of what your hands have sown; and do not let our discourse only produce horror in you, without producing a change. God mixes his notices in the complaints he sends beforehand, as if he were willing to justify himself: It was thus, when he ordained his thunder to strike the head of Dioclesian, he first directed a thunderbolt to fall at his feet.

“May the King of kings inspire you with salutary thoughts, and direct your actions to what is good; teaching your hands, able as they have been in combat to manage the sword gloriously, so to wield happily the sceptre of peace.”

The King stood astonished; and after a long pause gave this answer:

“I take your speech in good part; I thank you for it, and shall never forget it.”

D———E.

*Some ACCOUNT of the HOTTENTOTS, from SPARMANN'S Voyage; lately published in German.*

THE Hottentots, in general, are as strong and well built a race of men as the Europeans; and where it is otherwise, it is owing to the scantiness of their food. Their hands and feet, however, a thing taken notice of by no preceding traveller, are very small in proportion to the rest of the body; the upper part of the nose is commonly flat, which makes the eyes seem at a greater distance from each other than those of the Europeans. They in general incline to be black; their countenances are like those of the Europeans who have the jaundice to a great degree, but no mark of this disorder appears in their eyes. Their lips are not so large as those of their neighbours, the Negroes, Caffres, and Mozanbickers. Their mouths are of the middling size, and they have very fine teeth. Their whole appearance be-

speaks health and content. They appear to be covered with a kind of wool; but when you come near, it turns out only fine hair, like that of the Negroes.—It has been commonly believed, that when they come to ten years of age, fathers rob their male children of one part of what marks them for men, and that the women have a natural apron to cover their shame; but both stories are false, and the last is grounded only on some circumstances peculiar to the climate. They anoint themselves with a kind of powder and oil, like other nations; but in other respects, go almost naked.—Here Mr S. goes into a long account of their mode of besmearing themselves, and of the particulars of their dress; but the subject is not entertaining enough to dwell on, especially as the difference betwixt Kolbe and him is not

ma-



material. Plates of several parts of the dress are given, particularly of a very curious shoe, which Mr Sparmann thinks might be adopted in Europe. It is probable this shoe, or something like it, is to be found in the British Museum, where there is a collection of this kind of *little* clothing, from various parts of the world, well worthy the observation of the curious. Mr Sparmann says something (not different from what is said by Kolbe) of the huts and kraals, and then proceeds to speak of the Buschmanners at some length. As he had better opportunities of knowing them than other travellers, I shall throw together what he says on the subject.

The Buschmanners (or Buschees as Kolbe calls them) are a species of wild Hottentots, who dwell in the mountains, and are mortal enemies to the inhabitants of the plains. They fight with bows and poisoned arrows; the poison of which is of so deadly a nature, that a lion wounded by one of them drops down dead in a very few minutes, though at first the wound appears so small that he despises it. The poison is collected from various snakes, but is perfectly innocent (as the Hottentots well know) when taken internally. Mr Sparmann gives a plate of the quiver, bows and arrows, and an exact description.

The habitations of these wild men are as horrid as their manners; for they live most part in clefts and dens, and are more uncleanly than several wild beasts, as you often find their nastiness in their beds.

As they know no more of agriculture than monkeys, they are forced, like these, to live upon the roots they can pick up; only sometimes they add to them, snakes, spiders, cockchafers, and ants:

The Europeans, accompanied by the tame Hottentots, and some of the Buschmanners they have before

taken prisoners, make regular hunts of them, as they would of wolves or other beasts of prey; a practice often accompanied with great cruelties, and which may some time drive the Dutch out of the country, as these people are very probably the only ones who have preserved a proper regard for their liberties.

The speech, as well as the religion of the Buschmanners, is the same as that of the other Hottentots. Neither of these people acknowledge any being as master and governor of the earth. If you talk to them about these matters, they say they know nothing of them. On my speaking about them to some of those who had made some progress in Dutch, they answered, We are stupid, and know nothing of these things, can understand nothing of them, and would soon be weary of such dry subjects. As they all believe in magic, they seem to acknowledge an evil principle; but pay him no homage, and make no prayers to him, though they believe he is the cause of cold and snow, and thunder and lightning, and all the evils that befall them.

In some parts of the country the Buschmanners do the regular Hottentots a great deal of mischief, and often compel them to abandon house and home. They will shoot at the sheep from their lurking places, or often drive away whole herds of them, the only property of the poor inhabitants. It is in vain to pursue them, as they are extremely swift of foot, and fly for refuge to their mountains, where it is impossible for the inhabitants of the plains to climb after them, especially as they hurl down great stones after they are got up.

It is quite useless to endeavour to convince the Hottentots, that without rain neither they nor their cattle would have any food, and consequently must perish. Those of them

I took into my service at Zwellendam persisted in their opinion, notwithstanding all I could say to the contrary, that rain was a bad thing, and that it would be better if there was no rain. They all believe that their conjurors have the power of making rain cease; and when these do not succeed, attribute it to the influence of a greater magician, who lays spells in the way.

They believe, too, that all disorders are occasioned by magic, and can be cured by it; notwithstanding which, however, they do not fail to apply both external and internal remedies, which are supplied by their magicians. The external consist in laying the patient upon his back, and nipping and pinching him till they produce a bone, which they pretend was put in by witchcraft, and they have brought it out thro' the nose or ear. It often happens that the patient gets ease by the operation; but if he dies, they lament that he was so fore bewitched that they could not save him. A Hottentot told me, that when he was young he had seen a bone, like the shank-bone of an ox he had brought home a few days before for a play-thing, *produced* from the back of a man. The Hottentots were much surpris'd to see a lion tear to pieces a magician whom they had taken out to bewitch him; but they imputed the accident to the power of a more powerful conjuror, who was an enemy to the other.—Like European conjurors, these gentlemen sometimes get into danger by their roguery. An instance of this happened lately in the case of a Caffre chief, who happening not to be cured of a violent disease, ordered a general massacre of the magicians, as Herod had done of the children at Bethlehem.

The Hottentots, though not afraid in the dark, seem to have some terror of apparitions, and beg of their dead to go forward on

their way, and not return to molest them.

There is a whole family of insects (the mantis) which the Dutch inhabitants call the gods of the Hottentots. So far, however, from their being held in any extraordinary veneration by them, they gave several of them to Mr Sparmann, though they saw him stick a needle thro' his insects.

Kolbe is quite mistaken in thinking that they worship the moon. It is true that they have dances by moon-light; but these have no more to do with religion than our walks by moon-light in Europe.

Description and drawing of their tobacco-pipes, which also serve them for a flute.

Though the Hottentots speak through the nose, their language is not disagreeable when you are a little used to it. Mr Sparmann gives a long vocabulary of it at the end of his work. They have a sort of game which may be called a kind of quadrille, as they sit down four of them to it over their smoke holes, the favourite place in their hut; their play consists in a sort of perpetual motion of the arms, now over, now under, now cross-wise, without their touching each other. This made me think at first (says Mr Sparmann) it was a kind of dance or exercise of the body sitting; but I believe they have some fixed rules for it, and some views of profit and loss in it, as at certain times they take little bits of wood betwixt their finger and thumb, and break out into great hoarse-laugh, arising, as I was told, when I inquired into the cause of them, from their having won or lost something. One of the quadrille fell asleep after a few hours, whilst the others continued till day-light, singing the following words, *Hei pruaab phrua, hey ptruab t bey, hey pruaab ba*—Of the meaning of the words, I could gain no other account than that they had

leara,

learned them with the game from some of their companions, who had been to the Hottentots who live to the north. Possibly they mean no more than the European *tralala*. I saw this game also played in the Cape town, by some Hottentots whom a butcher had brought with him from the snow mountains.

The youngest son is the heir of all the substance.

Mr Sparmann enters into a long account of the improvement of the manufactures of the country, which, however, would afford the reader little entertainment. Mr Sparmann knew only one farmer who had learned how to use the wool of his sheep. In general, the possessors of hundreds of these animals up the country go bare-legged and in tattered clothes, for want of knowing how to improve the blessings of Nature.

We have then some account of the mixture of the breeds, by the intermarriages of Hottentots and Europeans. The children are commonly woolly like the Hottentots; but in other respects resemble either the father or the mother, as it falls out.

The custom of sprinkling the bride and bridegroom with urine appears not to be universal.

They bury their dead in so slovenly a manner as to expose them to be soon pulled up again and devoured by the wild beasts.

Much has been said of the custom of exposing their parents to perish when they grow old and helpless; a Christian Hottentot told the author, that being once travelling, he had met with a place on a heath surrounded with a few poles and bushes; in the midst of which he found a blind old Hottentot with only a jug with some water in it. The Hottentot was at first frightened when he found the Christians coming up, but afterwards grew very insolent. He seemed evidently to have been

left there to perish by his kraal; but made no complaint, and did not desire to be taken away.

When a woman dies in child-bed, they wrap the child up alive in a sheep-skin, and bury it with her. I had occasion to come at the knowledge of several instances of this. This is a farther confirmation that persons advanced in age, who have no proper friends to take care of them, are treated in the same manner.

The Sonaquas Hottentots visit the author. These are a species betwixt the Hottentots and Caffres.

Only the men wear bracelets. A Caffre, who had sold me his bracelet, lamented that he must now be forced to go naked armed like a woman. The author was told that public indecency, carried to its highest pitch, constituted part of the festive dance of the Caffres;—both sexes commonly go quite naked—Account and drawing of their hassaguays or spears.

The largest rivers of the country are the t'Kamfi t'Kai, the t'Nu Kay, the lesser Zomo, and the larger Zomo. These run from the north to south, or south-west, through the land of the Caffres, and disembogue in the sea. From Rau Ray, or the large Fish River, to the t'Kamfi-t'Kamfi-Kay, or the lesser Fish River, they reckon seven days journey (each day consists of eight miles, which you go in waggons drawn by oxen, and without halting, in eight hours); from thence to t'Nu Ray, or the Black River, is one day's journey; from hence to the lesser Zomo, two days; and from there to the larger Zomo, half a day. The Bushmatters have a large settlement, eleven days journey in breadth, between the Fish River and the Zomo. Here they live in a kind of society, and in a pastoral state. Christians, in small companies, have travelled unmolested through their country; but they have found it necessary to set their waggons together in the night, and shut themselves up

in them. On this side the Zomo are another nation, resembling the Chinese Hottentots in colour and growth, but stronger and braver. These they call the *Tambucki*; and on the confines of these are another people, still braver and stouter, called the *Mambuki*. The Chinese Hottentots say, that the Tambuckis trade with them for wood to put into their ovens, in which they smelt a kind of metals with which they finish their dresses, Mr Sparmann saw some ear-rings made of these at Bruynteshohe (there is a plate of them given.) The metal is a mixture of copper and silver.

The Caffres dwell on the eastern coast of the large Fish River. This people know nothing of breeding sheep, but have only horned cattle. They clothe themselves in cow-hides, which are rendered very limber by rubbing and smearing them with fat. Their houses are small and square, built of young twigs, and covered with mule and cows dung; which last gives them the appearance of small stone buildings. Their weapons are leathern shields, which cover their whole bodies, and hassaguays, or a particular kind of spear. Instead of being republican, like the Hottentots their neighbours, who abhor every idea of monarchy, they are governed by kings, who are always at war with each other. Their wars are very frequent, being commonly begun about a calf that has been stolen, or some such equally important matter. The dignity of those monarchs is hereditary.—They kill all the common prisoners; *but the kings make it a rule to send each other home, with calm exhortations to sit still and be quiet.* However, they never totally extirpate any people; but desire them to confess the game is lost, and to beg for peace. Some time since, being smitten with love of the iron in the carriages of some Dutch travellers thro'

their country, who had gone amongst them to shoot elephants; they put them almost all to death. I have marked on my map a district, which is called King Ruyter's Kraal, after the name of the man who lives there. His history is curious. He was a farmer's servant at Rogge Wedd, who in a scuffle killed some of his fellow-servants; knowing that he should be hanged for this if he was caught, he run away to Buschmanns River. Here he found means, by his abilities, to civilize some of the Buschmanns; and soon acquired such an ascendant as to make himself not only feared, but respected by the Caffres his neighbours. He punished his own subjects with death for the slightest offences, and used to execute the law upon them with his own hands. With the colonists he lived upon very good terms, and used to assist them in taking the Buschmanns prisoners; in return for which he received tobacco. He is now grown old; and the tyranny, founded on strength only, has fallen with the strength that supported it.—He has been forced to ask tobacco as a charitable boon; and his own men left him in the enemies hand when he led them against the Caffres. These, however, sent him back because he was a sovereign prince; but told him they would put out his eyes if ever he came amongst them again.

Still, however, his passion for war is not quelled; but he has promised to go out against another captain of Buschmanns as soon as he can get iron enough for his arrows. In this expedition it is supposed he will find his death; and if he does, he means his youngest son should be his successor; but 'tis imagined this kingdom will not be established.

Worms are a very common disorder amongst the Hottentots. Mr Sparmann's physical knowledge enabling him to cure them, procured him

him more information than he could have got for any money. The travellers met a company of Caffres in the wilderness, and escaped being put to death only by putting on a good face, speaking high words, playing *hocus pocus* tricks (the words of the author) with their blunderbusses, throwing powder from time to time in the fire, and fortifying their wagons in the night (this they did not to be pierced through, as had been the case with a former traveller) with great coats, bundles of paper, and the flesh of the rhinoceros they had killed. Mr Sparmann found great heaps of stones, three, four, or four feet and a half high, and six, eight, or ten feet in circumference. They stand ten, twenty, fifty, two hundred, and more, paces from each other, and run in parallel right lines. The author had seen them before, and was informed that they stretch far into the country; a sure sign that it was once inhabited by a far might-

*Matty's Review.*

tier and more polished people than the present possessors, as neither Caffres or Hottentots have any funeral rites at all congenial to these. Mr Sparmann dug into one of these, and found something like rotten wood, and mouldered bones; but he could not stay long, as the country is now tenanted by lions, who are great foes to the virtuosi. It is said that a planter found, at some distance, several fragments of hewn stone. This merits confirmation; and no one is fitter for the business than Captain Gordon, who is in the administration at the Cape, and whose high talents fit him for any kind of investigation.

Mr Sparmann was out in the whole about nine months. He closes his interesting and well written book with a narrative of the horrid tyranny of the Europeans in this country over their poor slaves.

After the vocabulary are some bars of Caffre music.

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MEMOIRS of the LIFE and WRITINGS of the late Dr SMOLLETT.

DR TOBIAS SMOLLETT, an author whose writings will transmit his name with honour to posterity, was born about the year 1720, at a small village, within two miles of Cameron, on the banks of the river Leven. He appears to have received a classical education, and was bred to the practice of physic and surgery. It is a trite remark, that the lives of authors are little more than an enumeration and account of their works: they are generally so deficient in incident, that after a complete catalogue of their writings is produced, nothing more can be added, except the times of their births and deaths. If Fame can be depended upon, this observation will not apply to Dr Smollet. The chief incidents in the early part of his life, it is said, were

given to the public in one of the best of his productions, the Novel of Roderick Random, which was first published in 1748: however, whether that report be well founded or not, it is certain that he was at the siege of Carthage in the capacity of a surgeon; and in the before-mentioned novel he has given a faithful, though no very pleasing account of the management of that ill-conducted expedition, which he censures in the warmest terms, and from circumstances which fell under his own particular observation. In 'A Compendium of authentic Voyages, digested in a Chronological Series,' 7 vols 12mo, published in 1756, is likewise inserted a short narrative of the expedition to Carthage in 1741, written with great spirit, but abounding with

with too much acrimony; the author of which we conceive to be Dr Smollet, the supposed editor of these Voyages.—His connection with the sea seems not to have been of long continuance; and it is probable that he wrote several pieces before he became known to the public by his capital productions. The first piece we know of with certainty is a Satire in two parts, printed first in the years 1746 and 1747, and reprinted in a Collection of his Plays and Poems in 1777.—About this period, or some time before, he wrote for Mr Rich an opera, intitled *Alceste*, which has never been performed nor printed. The music to it was composed by Mr Handel; who finding that no use was intended to be made of it, afterwards adapted it to Mr Dryden's lesser Ode for St Cecilia's day.

At the age of 18, he wrote a tragedy, intitled, 'The Regicide,' founded on the story of the assassination of James I. of Scotland. In the preface to the publication of this piece, by subscription, in the year 1749, he bitterly exclaimed against false patrons, and the duplicity of theatrical managers. The warmth and impetuosity of his temper hurried him, on this occasion, into unjust reflections against the late George Lord Lyttleton, and Mr Garrick: the character of the former he characterised in the Novel of *Peregrine Pickle*, and he added a burlesque of the *Monody* written by that nobleman on the death of his Lady. Against Mr Garrick he made illiberal ill-founded criticisms; and in his Novel of *Roderick Random*, gave a very unfair representation of his treatment of him respecting this tragedy. Of this conduct he afterwards repented, and acknowledged his errors; though in the subsequent editions of the Novel, the passages, which were the hasty effusions of disappointment, are not omitted; which we think they should

have been. However, in giving a sketch of the liberal arts in his *History of England*, he afterwards remarked, 'the exhibitions of the stage were improved to the most exquisite entertainment by the talents and management of Garrick, who greatly surpassed all his predecessors of this and perhaps every other nation, in his genius for acting, in the sweetness and variety of his tones, the irresistible magic of his eye, the fire and vivacity of his action, the eloquence of attitude, and the whole pathos of expression.'

'Candidates for literary fame appeared even in the higher sphere of life, embellished by the nervous sense and extensive erudition of a Corce; by the delicate taste, the polished muse, and the tender feelings of a Lyttleton.'

Not satisfied with this public declaration of his sentiments, he wrote in still stronger terms to Mr Garrick:

'DEAR SIR,

Chelsea, Jan. 27. 1762.

'I this morning received your *Winter's Tale*, and am agreeably flattered by this mark of your attention. What I have said of Mr Garrick in the *History of England* was, I protest, the language of my heart. I shall rejoice if he thinks I have done him barely justice. I am sure the public will think I have done no more than justice. In giving a short sketch of the liberal arts, I could not with any propriety, forbear mentioning a gentleman so eminently distinguished by a genius that has no rival. Besides, I thought it was a duty incumbent on me in particular to make a public atonement in a work of truth for wrongs done him in a work of fiction.

'Among the other inconveniences arising from ill health, I deeply regret my being disabled from a personal cultivation of your good will; and the unspeakable enjoyment I should sometimes derive from your

privat



private conversation as well as from the public exertion of your talents; but sequestered as I am from the world of entertainment, the consciousness of standing well in your opinion will ever afford singular satisfaction to,

Dear Sir,  
Your very humble Servant,  
T. SMOLLETT.

With these ample concessions, Mr Garrick was completely satisfied; so that, in 1757, when Dr Smollett's Comedy of the Reprisals, an after-piece of two acts, was performed at Drury-lane theatre, the latter acknowledged himself highly obliged for the friendly care of Mr Garrick exerted in preparing it for the stage; and still more for his acting the part of Lusignan, in Zara, for his benefit, on the sixth instead of the ninth night, to which he was only intitled by the custom of the theatre.

Roderic Random, which still continues to have an extensive sale, first established the Doctor's reputation. All the first volume, and the beginning of the second, appear to consist of real incident and character, tho' certainly a good deal heightened and disguised. The Judge, his grandfather, Crab and Potion, the two apothecaries, and 'Squire Gawkey, were characters well known in that part of the kingdom where the scene was laid. Captain Oakham and Whistle, Doctors Mackshane and Morgan, were also said to be real personages; and a bookbinder and barber long eagerly contended for being shadowed under the name of Strap. The Doctor seems to have enjoyed a peculiar felicity in describing sea characters, particularly the officers and sailors of the navy. His Trunnion, Hatchway, and Pipes, are highly-finished originals; but what exceeds them all, and perhaps any character that has yet been painted by the happiest genius of ancient or modern times, is his Lieutenant Bowling. This is

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indeed nature itself; original, *unique*, and *sui generis*. As well as the ladder of promotion, his very name has long become proverbial for an honest blunt seaman, unacquainted with mankind and the ways of the world.

By the publication of this work, the Doctor had acquired so great a reputation, that henceforth a certain degree of success was insured to every thing known or suspected to proceed from his hand. In 1751, the Adventures of Peregrine Pickle appeared; a work of great ingenuity and contrivance in the composition, and in which an uncommon degree of erudition is displayed, particularly in the description of the entertainment given by the Republican Doctor, after the manner of the ancients. Under this personage the late Dr Akenfide, author of The Pleasures of the Imagination, is supposed to be typified; and it would be difficult to determine whether profound learning or genuine humour predominates most in this episode. Butler and Smollett seem to be the only two who have happily united things seemingly so discordant; for Hudibras is one of the most learned works in any language; and it requires no common share of reading, assisted with a good memory, thoroughly to relish and understand it. Another episode, of The Adventures of a Lady of Quality, likewise inserted in this work, contributed greatly to its success, and is indeed admirably well executed. Yet, after giving all due praise to the merit and invention displayed in Peregrine Pickle, we cannot help thinking it is inferior, in what may be called *naïveté*, a thing better conceived than expressed, to Roderick Random.

These were not the only original compositions of this stamp with which the Doctor has favoured the public. Ferdinand Count Fathom published in 1754, and Sir Launcelot Greaves in 1762, are still in the list of what

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may be called reading novels; but there is no injustice in placing them in a rank far below the former. No doubt, invention, character, composition, and contrivance, are to be found in both: but then situations are described which are hardly possible; and characters are painted, which, if not altogether unexampled, are at least incompatible with modern manners; and which ought not to be, as the scenes are laid in modern times.

The last work which the Doctor published was of much the same species, but cast in a different form:—The Expedition of Humphry Clinker, printed in 1771. It consists of a series of letters, written by different persons to their respective correspondents. He has here carefully avoided the faults which may be justly charged to his two former productions. Here are no extravagant characters, nor unnatural situations. On the contrary, an admirable knowledge of life and manners is displayed; and most useful lessons are given applicable to interesting, but to very common situations.

We know not that ever the remark has been made, but there is certainly a very obvious similitude between the characters of the three heroes of the Doctor's chief productions. Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, and Matthew Bramble, are all brothers of the same family. The same satirical, cynical disposition, the same generosity and benevolence, are the distinguishing and characteristic features of all three; but they are far from being servile copies or imitations of each other. They differ as much as the Ajax, Diomed, and Achilles of Homer. This was undoubtedly a great effort of genius; and the Doctor seems to have described his own character at the different stages and situations of his life.

Before he took a house at Chel-

sea, he attempted, in 1752, to settle as practitioner of physic at Bath; and, with that view, wrote a treatise on the waters: but he was unsuccessful. Perhaps he was too soon discouraged; for, in all probability, had he persevered, a man of his great learning, profound sagacity, and intense application, besides being endued with many external as well as other internal accomplishments, must have at last succeeded, and, had he attained to common old age, been at the head of his profession.

Abandoning physic altogether as a profession, he fixed his residence at Chelsea, and turned his thoughts entirely to writing. Yet, as an author, he was not near so successful as his happy genius and acknowledged merit certainly deserved. He never acquired a patron among the great, who, by his favour or beneficence, relieved him from the necessity of writing for a subsistence. The truth is, Dr Smollett possessed a loftiness of sentiment and character which appears to have disqualified him from currying favour among those who were able to confer favours. It would be wrong to call this disposition of his pride or haughtiness; for to his equals and inferiors he was ever polite, friendly, and generous. Booksellers may therefore be said to have been his only patrons; and from them he had constant employment in translating, compiling, and reviewing. He translated *Gil Blas* and *Don Quixote*; and both so successfully, that all the former translations of these excellent productions of genius have been almost superseded by his. His name likewise appears to a translation of Voltaire's prose works, but little of it was done by his own hand; he only revised it, and added a few notes. He was concerned in great variety of compilations. His *History of England*, first printed in 4to, in 1757, was the principal work of that kind. It had a most extensive

sale.



sale, and the Doctor is said to have received 200*l.* for writing it and the Continuation. He was employed, during the last years of his life, in preparing a new edition of the Ancient and Modern Universal History; great part of which he had originally written himself, particularly the Histories of France, Italy, and Germany. He lived nearly to complete this work, which has since been published.

In 1755, he set on foot the Critical Review, and continued the principal manager of it till he went abroad for the first time in the year 1763. He was, perhaps, too acrimonious sometimes in the conduct of that work; and at the same time displayed too much sensibility when any of the unfortunate authors whose works he had, it may be, justly censured, attempted to retaliate.

Among other controversies in which his engagements in this publication involved him, the most material in its consequences was that occasioned by his remarks on a pamphlet published by Admiral Knowles. That gentleman, in defence of his conduct on the expedition to Rochfort, published a vindication of himself; which falling under the Doctor's examination, produced some very severe strictures both on the performance and on the character of the writer. The Admiral immediately commenced a prosecution against the printer; declaring, at the same time, that he desired only to be informed who the writer was, that, if he proved to be a gentleman, he might obtain the satisfaction of one from him. In this affair the Doctor behaved both with prudence and with spirit. Desirous of compromising the dispute with the Admiral in an amicable manner, he applied to his friend Mr Wilkes to interpose his good offices with his opponent. The Admiral, however, was inflexible; and just as

sentence was going to be pronounced against the printer, the Doctor came into Court, avowed himself the author of the strictures, and declared himself ready to give Mr Knowles any satisfaction he chose. The Admiral immediately commenced a fresh action against the Doctor, who was found guilty, fined 100*l.* and condemned to three months imprisonment in the King's Bench. It is there he is said to have written *The Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves*, in which he has described some remarkable characters, then his fellow-prisoners.

From the commencement of the Review, Dr Smollett was always considered as the author of it: by this means he became frequently censured on account of articles in which he had no concern. On the publication of the *Rosciad*, the author, Mr Churchill, considering himself and some of his friends as very injuriously treated in the Review of that work, and imagining Dr Smollett the author of the offensive article, retorted with great spirit in his excellent poem intitled *An Apology to the Critical Reviewers*. It appears, however, that he was mistaken in his suspicion; for Dr Smollett hearing that Mr Colman had also accused him of having made an attack on his moral character in the Review, exculpated himself from the charge in a letter to Mr Garrick.

Besides these, many other disputes arose with different writers who considered themselves injured by the severity of the Doctor's criticisms: indeed it may be affirmed, that seldom a month passed without a complaint on that head, and those not often couched in the most decent terms. But whatever reason he had to complain on that account, he soon after found that the revenge of an author was nothing compared to the rancour of the politician. In 1762,

Lord Bute assumed the reins of government. His promotion was attended with many unpopular measures; great dissatisfaction arose amongst many orders of men; and his Lordship found it necessary to employ some able writers to defend the steps which had led to his advancement. Amongst others Dr Smollett was pitched upon; and he entered on his task with great spirit. He immediately began a weekly paper called *The Briton*. The first number made its appearance on the 29th of May 1762, and was immediately opposed by the *North Briton*; which in the end entirely routed its antagonist, and dissolved the friendship which had long subsisted between him and Mr Wilkes. *The Briton* continued to be published till the 12th of February 1763, when it was laid down; and very soon after the person, in whose defence it was set on foot, finding the stream of popular discontent too strong to be resisted, relinquished the post which had excited so much clamour; and on his resignation, it is said, entirely neglected all the persons whom he had employed to write for him. Besides the *Briton*, Dr Smollett is supposed to have written other pieces in support of the cause he espoused. The *Adventures of an Atom*, in two volumes, are known to be his production.

His constitution being at last greatly impaired by a sedentary life, and assiduous application to study, he went abroad for his health in June 1763, and continued in France and Italy two years. He wrote an account of his travels in a series of letters to some friends, which were afterwards published in two volumes octavo, 1766. During all that time he appears to have laboured under a constant fit of chagrin — A very slight perusal of these letters will sufficient-

ly evince that this observation is founded in fact, and is indeed a melancholy instance of the influence of bodily distemper over the best disposition.

But the state of his mind will be best learned from himself. Thus he writes in his first letter: 'In gratifying your curiosity, I shall find some amusement to beguile the tedious hours; which, without some such employment, would be rendered insupportable by distemper and disquiet. You knew and pitied my situation, traduced by malice, persecuted by faction, abandoned by false patrons, and overwhelmed by the sense of a domestic calamity, which it was not in the power of fortune to repair.' By this domestic calamity he means the loss of his only child, a daughter, whom he loved with the tenderest affection. He certainly met with many mortifications and disappointments; which, in a letter to Mr Garrick, he thus feelingly expresses: 'I am old enough to have seen and observed, that we are all play-things of fortune; and that it depends upon something as insignificant and precarious as the tossing up of a halfpenny, whether a man rises to affluence and honours, or continues to his dying day struggling with the difficulties and disgraces of life.' — After his return to his native country, finding his health continuing to decline, and meeting with fresh mortifications and disappointments, he went back to Italy, where he died, October the 21st 1771; and, since his death, a monument has been erected to his memory near Leghorn, on which is inscribed an Epitaph, written in Latin by his friend Dr Armstrong, author of *The Art of Preserving Health*, and many other excellent pieces. Of this epitaph the following is a translation:

Hert

Here  
 Rest the remains  
 of  
**TOBIAS SMOLLETT,**  
 A North Briton;  
 Who, sprung  
 From an ancient and respectable family,  
 Shone forth an example  
 Of the virtues of ancient times.  
 Of an ingenuous countenance  
 And manly make.  
 With a breast animated by the justest spirit,  
 He was eminently distinguished  
 For great benevolence of temper,  
 And a generosity even above his fortune.  
 His wit had every character  
 Of fertile inventiveness,  
 Of true pleasantry,  
 Of flexibility to every subject,  
 From his aptness and wonderful capacity  
 For every kind of learning.  
 The exercise of these talents  
 Produced a variety of pleasing fictions;  
 In which,  
 With great exuberance of fancy  
 and true humour,  
 He laughed at and described  
 The lives and manners of men;  
 While  
 (Shameful to relate!)  
 This genius,  
 This honour to his country,  
 Met with nothing  
 In these abandoned, worthless, insipid times,  
 But what was unfavourable to him,  
 Except indeed  
 Their abundance of supply to his pen  
 Of matter of satire:  
 Times  
 In which  
 Hardly any literary merit,  
 But such as was in the most false or futile taste,  
 Received encouragement  
 From the paltry mock Mecænaſes of Britain!  
 In honour to the memory  
 Of this most worthy and amiable  
 Member of society,  
 Sincerely regretted by many friends,  
 This monument  
 Was by his much beloved and affectionate wife  
 Dutifully and deservedly  
 Consecrated.

An inscription, written in Latin, of the Leven, by one of his relations; was likewise inscribed on a pillar erected to his memory on the banks of which the following is a translation.

Stay, traveller!  
 If elegance of taste and wit,  
 If fertility of genius,  
 And an unrivalled talent  
 In delineating the characters of mankind,  
 Have ever attracted thy admiration,

Pause a-while

On the memory of TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M. D.

One more than commonly endued with those virtues

Which in a man and a citizen

You would praise, or imitate.

Who,

Having secured the applause

Of posterity,

By a variety of literary abilities,

And a peculiar felicity of composition,

Was,

By a rapid and cruel distemper,

Snatched from this world in the 51st year of his age.

Far, alas! from his country,

He lies interred near Leghorn, in Italy.

In testimony of his many and great virtues

This empty monument,

The only pledge, alas! of his affection,

Is erected

On the banks of the Leven,

The scene of his birth and of his latest poetry,

By JAMES SMOLLETT, of Bonhill,

His cousin;

Who should rather have expected this last tribute from him.

Go, and remember

This honour was not given alone to the memory of the deceased,

But for the encouragement of others;

Deserve like him, and be alike rewarded.

To these memoirs we are extremely sorry to add, that so late as the last year, the widow of Dr Smollett was residing in indigent circumstances at Leghorn. On this account the tragedy of Venice Preserved was acted for her benefit at Edinburgh on the 5th of March, and an excellent prologue spoken on that occasion.

The pieces inserted in the posthumous Collection of Dr Smollett's

'Plays and Poems,' are, The Regicide, a Tragedy; The Reprisal, a Comedy; Advice and Reproof, two Satires; The Tears of Scotland; Verses on a Young Lady; a Love Elegy, in imitation of Tibullus; two Songs; a Burlesque Ode; Odes to Mirth, to Sleep, to Leven Water, to Blue-ey'd Ann, and to Independence.

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ON EPICRAMMATIC COMPOSITION.

SCALIGER observes, that an epigram in its original state was nothing more than an *inscription*, which the Greek word *Επιγραμματα* sufficiently proves. When the memory of an hero was immortalised by a statue or trophy, it was usual to prefix a short poem as an illustration of the honour: hence a sudden turn and quickness of thought necessarily arose from the narrowness of its extent, which was not improperly named the *sting*: though the generality of Greek epigrams are not so remarkable for the acuteness of their close, as a continued train of sublime thought.

This species of composition has long laboured under the contempt of modern critics; and Addison in his *Allegory on True and False Wit*, represents it stationed in the rear of the former, to prevent a desertion to the latter, as it was strongly suspected of disaffection. To dissent from an opinion established by such formidable authorities would almost seem presumption; yet though an epigram does not claim the most eminent part of Parnassus, it is difficult to say why it should be degraded to the lowest, unless the fondness which juvenile poet writers betray for this line of poetry may have drawn it into disgrace: yet a genius, when matured by age and experience, should not look back on its first essays as trifling, without reflecting how few excel in these trifles. The nicety attending its accomplishment evinces its ingenuity. Some species of false wit may be attained by intense application\*; such as that of including a poem within the exact symmetry of any particular form—

Where thou may'st wings display and altars raise,  
And torture one poor word a thousand ways. DRYDEN.

But an epigram must flow with all the lightness of poetic fancy—a laboured thought of style destroys its fire, and the vivacity of an author is in nothing more conspicuous than in this lively production of unfettered genius. As it is not well adapted to the descriptive or pathetic, satire or panegyric seem best suited to its airy measures, which the writer may vary as his fancy prompts him; tho' there are numerous examples of good epigrams on more serious subjects. With respect to its extent, the strictest attention should be paid to brevity, as far as is allowable without obscurity; for as it ought to have only one thought in view, it should not be stretched, at farthest, beyond the length of eight or ten lines.—On reading an epigram, the mind is led from the nature of the composition to expect conciseness, which if prolixity supercedes, it is too much fatigued by expectation to relish the sharpness of the close, which should be polished to the finest point of wit, and not inserted in a separate clause, but drawn out imperceptibly from the preceding lines.

In an interesting novel, when the contents of a chapter are prefixed at the beginning, the pleasing gratification of curiosity is destroyed; so if an introduction is required more copious than the epigram, anticipation robs us of its greatest beauty, viz.—an unexpected turn of wit; and it seems a paltry resource to tell the reader what a perusal would not discover. The following, though an  
epi-

\* This kind of poetry was much pursued by the minor Greek poets.

epigram according to the strictest rules, lies under this predicament.

On a spacious BRIDGE built by the  
D—ke of M—lb—gh over a con-  
temptible Stream at B—nh—m.

The lofty arch his high ambition shows,  
The stream an emblem of his bounty flows.

Though it may be justly alledged in excuse for this example, that being originally written on the bridge, it did not require the explanation, and lost its beauty only by being translated into a book.

Puns have long been reprobated as mere *nugæ canoræ*; and it must be confessed that they do not heighten their dignity much by the ornamental dress of poetry: but such is the fluctuation of taste in literature, that Quintilian greatly commends a punning epigram of Cicero, (*Fundum Varro vocat, quod possum mittere funda, &c.*) which according to modern judgment would disgrace a much inferior genius.—Addison recommends the translation of a piece of wit into a different language, which like an assaying oven would prove its purity or baseness. This is an infallible method to detect a pun; and ancient as well as modern epigrams must sometimes feel its effects. Much cannot be advanced in the justification of a pun, though it does not wholly de-

serve the most abject contempt.—When a pun is introduced, the object of its aim is delight, and not defiance to the severe rules of criticism; and its design, if well conducted, is confessedly crowned with success.

The brevity, style, and lightness of an epigram, recommend it to judgment as a proper field for the first exercise of genius, and not feeling, or not acquainted with, the severe beauties of criticism, a pun, by almost the same qualifications, appears to them in full brilliancy of wit, and is often immoderately indulged. But though the epigram which bears Mr Addison's test of truth is considerably more deserving of praise, yet a pun ought not to be totally consigned over to contempt, since it requires some ingenuity to introduce it with ease, and without stretching its allusions too remotely; for as it requires delicate treatment, no species of false wit is more abject than a far-fetched pun; like a dangerous medicine, which with skilful management may be used as a safe and infallible remedy, but if its qualities are mistaken, is attended with the most pernicious consequences.

Oxford, Feb. 14.  
Univ. Mag.

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*Some Account of PETER the WILD BOY, who died at Berkhamstead in Hertfordshire about the end February last. From the Third Volume of Ancient Metaphysics.*

**B**EFORE Lord Monboddò relates what he himself saw and heard of Peter the Wild Boy, he gives all the particulars of him that could be collected from the Newspapers of 1725, when the young savage was caught, and from those of 1726, when he was first brought to England.

From these it appears, that he was found in the woods of Hamelin, 28

miles from Hanover, walking upon his hands and feet, climbing up trees like a squirrel, and feeding upon grass and moss of trees. Being presented to the King while at dinner, his Majesty made him taste of all the dishes that were served up at table; and, in order to bring him by degrees to human diet, commanded that he should have such provisions as he might like best. He was at that



time judged to be about 12 or 13 years old. Afterwards he made his escape into the same wood; but was again caught on a tree, which was obliged to be first sawed down. He was brought to England in April 1726, and again introduced into the presence of his Majesty and of many of the nobility. He could not speak, and scarce seemed to have any idea of things. However, it was observed, that he took most notice of his Majesty, and of the Princess giving him her glove, which he tried to put on his own hand, and seemed much pleased, and also with a gold watch which was held to strike at his ear. At one time he was dressed in blue clothes; at another time, in green, lined with red, with scarlet stockings. At first he appeared uneasy to be obliged to wear any; and he could not be brought to lie on a bed, but sat and slept in a corner of the room: whence it is conjectured, that he used to sleep on a tree for security against wild beasts. However, he walked upright, and even sat for his picture. He was committed to the care of Dr Arbuthnot, at whose house, near Burlington gardens, he either was, or was to have been, baptised; but notwithstanding all the pains he took, it does not appear that the Doctor was able to bring this wild youth to the use of speech, or to the pronunciation of any words.

In a very witty and ludicrous piece in Dean Swift's works, intitled, 'It cannot rain, but it pours,' he gives an account of 'the wonderful wild man,' as he calls him, full of satire and ridicule, but containing several things concerning him that are certainly true; and therefore Lord Monboddo concludes, that the other facts he mentions, though no where else to be found, are likewise true, whatever we may think of the use and application he makes of them; such as, that in the circle at court he endeavoured to kiss the young

Lady Walpole; that he put on his hat before the King, and laid hold of the Lord Chamberlain's staff; that he expressed his sensations by certain sounds which he had framed to himself; and particularly, that he neighed something like a horse, in which way he commonly expressed his joy; that he understood the language of birds and beasts, by which they express their appetites and feelings; that his senses were more acute than those of the tame man; and, lastly, that he could sing some tunes.—'These facts,' says Lord Monboddo, 'the Dean must have known; for he was at London at the time; his own arrival there, under the name of 'The Copper Farthing Dean from Ireland,' being announced to the public among the other wonders contained in this work.'—And of the Dean's integrity, in not stating any facts that were untrue, even in a work of humour, his Lordship has no doubt. The Dean had farther said, 'that it was evident by several tokens that this wild boy had a father and mother like one of us.'—'This,' says Lord Monboddo, 'I believe also to be true; because I was told by a person yet living, that when he was caught he had a collar about his neck, with something written upon it.'

'This is all,' continues his Lordship, 'that I have been able to discover, printed in Britain, concerning this extraordinary phenomenon; more extraordinary, I think, than the new planet, or than if we were to discover 30,000 more fixed stars besides those lately discovered. I have endeavoured to get an account of him from Hanover, where I think some memory, or tradition, at least, of him must be preserved, though there should be nothing recorded of him; but hitherto I have not been successful. It only remains, therefore, that I should inform the reader of what I saw myself, and could learn from o-

thers concerning him, having gone to that part of the country where he resides at present, on purpose to inquire about him, and conversed with several persons there, who had known him for many years.

It was in the beginning of June 1782 that I saw him, in a farmhouse called Broadway, within about a mile of Berkhamstead, kept there upon a pension \*, which the King pays. He is but of low stature, not exceeding five feet three inches; and though he must be now about 70 years of age, has a fresh healthy look. He wears his beard; his face is not at all ugly or disagreeable; and he has a look that may be called sensible and sagacious for a savage. About 20 years ago he was in use to elope, and to be missing for several days; and once, as I was told, he wandered as far as Norfolk: but of late he has been quite tame, and either keeps the house, or saunters about the farm. He has been the 13 last years, where he lives at present; and before that, he was 12 years with another farmer, whom I saw and conversed with. This farmer told me that he had been put to school somewhere in Hertfordshire, but had only learned to articulate his own name, Peter, and the name of King George; both which I heard him pronounce very distinctly. But the woman of the house where he now is (for the man happened not to be at home), told me that he understood every thing that was said to him concerning the common affairs of life; and I saw that he readily understood several things that she said to him while I was present. Among other things, she desired him to sing Nancy Dawson, which accordingly he did, and another tune that she named. He never was mischievous, but had always that gentleness of nature, which I hold to be characteristic of our nature, at least till we

become carnivorous and hunters or warriors. He feeds at present as the farmer and his wife do; but, as I was told by an old woman, (one Mrs Callop, living at a village in the neighbourhood, called Hempsted, who remembered to have seen him when he first came to Hertfordshire, which she computed to be 55 years before the time I saw her), that he then fed very much upon leaves, and particularly upon the leaves of cabbage, which she saw him eat raw. He was then, as she thought, about 15 years of age; walked upright, but could climb trees like a squirrel. At present, he not only eats flesh, but also has got the taste of beer, and even of spirits, of which he inclines to drink more than he can get. And the old farmer above mentioned, with whom he lived 12 years before he came to this farmer, told me that he had acquired that taste before he came to him, that is, about 25 years ago. He is also become very fond of fire, but has not yet acquired a liking for money; for though he takes it, he does not keep it, but gives it to his landlord or landlady, which I suppose is a lesson that they have taught him. He retains so much of his natural instinct, that he has a fore-feeling of bad weather, growling and howling, and showing great disorder before it comes on.

These are the particulars which Lord Monboddo himself observed concerning him. He afterwards requested Mr Burgess, an ingenious young gentleman of Oxford, to make farther inquiries on the spot; and his relation is as follows:

‘Peter the Wild Boy lives at a farmer Brill’s, at a place, or rather a farm, called Broadway, about a mile from Berkhamstead, where he has lived about 13 years. The farmer said he was 84 years old. He has a fair clear countenance, and a quick eye. He is about five feet six inches

\* Thirty pounds.

inches high; and is still very robust and muscular. In his youth he was very remarkable for his strength. He is said to have sometimes run 70 or 80 miles a day. His strength always appeared so much superior, that the strongest young men were afraid to contend with him: and this strength continued almost unimpaired till about a year and a half ago, when he was suddenly taken ill, fell down before the fire, and for a time lost the use of his right side; since which, it has been visibly less than before. The farmer told me that his portrait has been lately several times taken.

I could get no intelligence of the old woman whom you mentioned; but I met with an old gentleman, a surgeon, at Hempstead, who remembers to have seen Peter in London, between the years 1724 and 1726. He told me, that when he first came to England, he was particularly fond of raw flesh and bones, (he is at this day very fond of a bone, with which he will amuse himself for a long time after it has been picked by any other person); and that he was always dressed in fine clothes, (the dress he remembers him in was green and gold), of which Peter seemed not a little proud. He still retains his passion for finery, fine curtains, clean breeches, smart hat, &c.; and if any person has any thing smooth or shining in his dress, it will soon attract his notice, and Peter will show his attention by stroaking it. He is not a great eater. At dinner, he is commonly content with a bit of pudding or meat. He is fond of water; after he has drunk his breakfast of tea, or even of milk, he will often go out to the pump, and drink several draughts of water. He is not fond of beer; and, till lately, he would not drink it: but he is very fond of all kinds of spirits, particularly gin; as also of onions, which he will eat like apples. He does not often go out without his master; but

he will sometimes go to Berkhamstead, and call at the gin-shop. They always know his errand, and will treat him. It is one of the most powerful means to persuade him to do any thing with alacrity, to sing with spirit, &c. Hold up a glass of gin at the time you tell him to sing better and louder, and he will undoubtedly smile and raise his voice. He cannot bear the taste of physic, nor the sight of an apothecary who once attended him. He will not take physic, but under some great disguise, such as gin.

If he hears any music, he will clap his hands, and throw his head about in a wild frantic manner. He has a very quick sense of music, and will often repeat a tune after once hearing. When he has heard a tune which is difficult, he continues humming it for a long time, and he is very uneasy till he is master of it. He can sing a great many tunes; and will always change the tune when the name only of another tune with which he is acquainted is mentioned to him. He does not always hit upon the tune at once which is asked, but he corrects himself easily with the least assistance.

He understands every thing that is said to him by his master and mistress; and shows by his countenance that he knows when you are talking of him; but, in general, he takes very little notice of any thing which does not attract his notice by its finery, smoothness, &c. While I was with him, the farmer asked several questions, which he answered rapidly, and not very distinctly, but sufficiently so as to be understood even by a stranger to his manner. Some of the questions were, Who is your father?—King George. What is your name?—Peter; (he always pronounces the two syllables of his name with a short interval between them.) What is that?—Bow-wow, (for the dog.) What horse will you

ride upon?—Cuckow; (This is not the name of any of their horses, but it is a name with which he always answers that question; perhaps it was the name of one of his former master's horses.) What will you do with this? (tea, gin, &c.)—He will put his hand to his mouth. If you point to his beard, nose, or mouth, and ask what is that, he will tell you plainly. His answers, I think, never exceed two words; and he never says any thing of his own accord. I forgot to mention, that he has been taught also to say, when he is asked, What are you?—Wild man. Where was you found?—Hanover. Who found you?—King George. If he is told to tell twenty, he will count the number exactly on his fingers, with an indistinct sound at each number; but after another person, he will say, one, two, three, &c. pretty distinctly.

‘Till last spring (1782), which was soon after his illness, he always showed himself remarkably animated by the influence of the spring, and would sing all day long, and, if it was clear, half the night. He is very much pleased with the appearance of the moon and the stars. He will sometimes stand out in the warmth of the sun, with his face thrown up to it, in a very difficult and strained attitude; and likes to be out in a starry night if it be not cold. Upon hearing this, a person would naturally inquire, whether he has, or appears to have, any idea of the great Author of all these wonders? Indeed I thought it a question of so much curiosity, that when I had left Broadway for several miles, I rode back to inquire whether he had at any time betrayed the least sense of a Supreme Being. They told me that, when he came into that part of the country first of all, he was sent to school for some time, and different methods were employed to teach him to read, and with it the prin-

ciples of religion; but all in vain: he learnt nothing; nor did he ever show any consciousness of a God from his own feelings.

‘He is very fond of fire; and is often bringing in fuel, which he would heap up as high as the fire-place would contain it, if he was not prevented by his master. He will sit in the chimney corner, even in the midst of summer, while they are brewing with a very large fire, which is sufficient to make another person faint who sits there long. He will often amuse himself, by setting five or six chairs before the fire, and placing himself in every one of them in their turns, as his love of variety prompts him to change his place.

‘He is extremely good tempered, except in cold and gloomy weather; for he is very sensible of the change of the atmosphere. He is not easily provoked; but when he has been made very angry by any one, he would run after them, making a strange noise, with his teeth fixed into the back of his hand. I could not find that he had ever done any violence in the house, except that when he first came over, he would sometimes tear his bed-clothes to pieces, which it was long before he was reconciled to. He has never (at least since his present master has known him) shown any attention to women; and I am told he never did, except when he was purposely and jocosely forced into an amour.

‘He has run away several times since he has been at Broadway, but not since he has been with his present master. He was taken up for a spy in Scotland in 1745, or 1746: as he was unable to speak, they supposed him obstinate, and he was going to be confined, and was threatened with punishment for contumacy; but a lady, who had seen him in England, told them who it was, and directed them where to send him. Some say he was found at Norfolk.

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When he ran away from his masters, he used to live on raw herbage, berries, and young tender roots of trees. The old people at the Two Waters told me a circumstance, which, as they could not, I think, have collected from his information, may have only the authority of conjectural tradition, that when he ran away, he always followed the course of the clouds.

‘Of the people who are about him, he is particularly attached to his master. He will often go out with him and his men into the field, and seems pleased in being employed in any thing which can assist them. But he must always have some person to direct his actions, as you may judge from the following circumstance. Peter was employed one day with his master in filling a dung-cart. His master had occasion to go into the house for something, and left Peter to finish the work. The work was soon done. But Peter must have something to employ himself; and he saw no reason why he should not be as usefully employed in emptying the dung out as he was in putting it into the cart. When his master came out, he found the cart nearly emptied again; and learned a lesson by it, which he never afterwards neglected.’

‘From this account of him,’ says Lord Monboddo, ‘it is evident that he is not an idiot, as some people are willing to believe him to be, but such a man as one should expect a mere savage to be, that is, a man that has not the use of speech, and is entirely uninstructed in all our arts and sciences. What alone can induce any one to believe him an idiot, is that he has not learned in so long a time to speak, though he was sent to school; and, as it is said, much pains taken upon him. But, in the first place, it is to be considered that he was about 15, as the newspapers say, when he was caught and brought to Eng-

land, and much older, if we believe the account of his age given by the farmer with whom he lives. Now, though articulation be learned by infants, whose organs are tender, soft, and pliable, by imitation only, or at least without much trouble in teaching them; yet when they grow up, and their organs become hard and less flexible, they cannot learn by imitation merely, nor by teaching without much difficulty, if at all, as is evident from the case of those who have been brought up in civilized nations, and accustomed to speak from their infancy, and yet cannot pronounce certain articulate sounds, because they have not learned to do it when they were infants. Thus, a Frenchman cannot pronounce the Greek  $\Theta$ , or the English *th*, nor an Englishman the aspirated *kappa* of the Greeks, that is the X.—Besides, the schooling that Peter got, was not such as, I think, could have taught him to speak when he was so far advanced in life, if he had had the best natural parts, and a greater disposition to learn, than can be expected in any savage, who, not perceiving the immediate utility of speech, either for sustenance or self-defence, will not be disposed to take so much trouble as is necessary to learn an art so difficult to be learned, especially at an advanced time of life. And, therefore, I rather wonder, that, at a common country school, such as Peter was put to, he has learned so many words, many more than I thought he had known, till I got this information from Mr Burgess: and it appears that he has learned also the use of numbers to a certain degree; and his progress in music would appear to me very wonderful, if I did not know that music was much more natural to man than articulation. But, even with respect to it, I can have no doubt, but that, if he had been taught by such a master as Mr Braidwood, he would long before

before now have spoken very perfectly. But, even from Mr Braidwood, he could not have learned by imitation merely, nor even by precept; for Mr Braidwood must not only have shown him, by his own example, the position and configuration of the or-

gans necessary for pronouncing such and such sounds, but he must have laid hands upon him, as he does upon his deaf scholars, and put his organs in the proper position, at least as many of them as he could reach in that way\*.

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*Upon the HAPPINESS of FOOLS.*

Wit in a man is a troublesome guest. CHARRON.

**T**O be happy, a man must be a fool. There is not a truth in morality more ancient.

We read in *Genesis*, that when Adam and Eve had ate of the fruit of the *tree of knowledge of good and evil*, their eyes were opened, and they knew that they were naked. Which signifies, that they were all at once informed of the weakness and misery of man; but before they were driven out of Eden, God made for them garments of skins, with which he clothed them.

This is an example of his compassion towards men ever to be remembered. This precious raiment, this garment of skin, which ought to cover our nakedness, what is it, but those agreeable errors, a happy confidence, an intrepid opinion of ourselves? Fortunate gifts, to which our corruption has given the name of folly, and which our ingratitude seeks to forget; but which are, without doubt, the only security of our happiness upon earth.

Ever since the first establishment of society, men have been in the constant habit of comparing themselves

with each other. Hence have arisen their pleasures, and hence proceed their pains.

This comparison varies in its objects, and differs in its extent. One class transport themselves to the extremity of the earth, and even to the most distant ages, in order to compare themselves with all the great men who now exist, or who ever have existed; a second class adjust themselves by the standard of their particular circles; while a third content themselves with possessing more sense than their wives and children: the enjoyment, however, of them all is regulated by the same sentiment.

Who in this general struggle of mankind is the champion most certain of victory? The man who continues armed with the garment of skin: it is the fool, it is my hero. What matters it to him whether he stands high or low in the opinions of others? he carries along with him his own pedestal; his own opinion is for him sufficient; it is for him an enchanted bed of down, upon which he voluptuously stretches himself, and sleeps with the calmest delight. What

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\* In an edition of Swift's works, in 1751, printed in London by C. Bathurst, I find that the account of Peter is said to be the work of Dr Arbuthnot, which should give it an additional credit, as he had the keeping of him; and as there is not the least insinuation there that he was an idiot, I am convinced that no man, at that time, believed so; nor do I think it possible that any man who sees him at present can be of that opinion. The fact which Mr Burgess observes of his first filling a dung-cart, and then emptying it, only shows that he knew nothing of farming; and, as that was the case, it was natural enough, that having seen a dung-cart emptied as well as filled, he should do both.



colours are strong enough to paint his happiness? How shall I describe a Clito, a Chrysippus, an Alcindal, perpetually busied in contemplating themselves? The raptures they feel sparkle in their eyes. One of them discovers his pleasure heedlessly and without disguise; a second unfolds it gradually, and wishes to count his treasure slowly; while a third endeavours to hide it under a serious and composed air, in order to enhance, by the additional sentiment of heroic moderation, the satisfaction he enjoys from his merit.

Completely filled with himself, what an amiable thing is a fool? He shines always with such a charming variety! Indeed he cannot fail to be an original, since his sole business is to contemplate a single object, upon which other men have never spent a thought. The *fool* and the *man of genius* are the ornaments of human nature. Every thing betwixt them is destitute of expression and of life; a dry and barren plain betwixt two romantic mountains.

But if the fool and the man of genius make a figure equally conspicuous in the world, their happiness is very different. The man of genius, the man of penetration, by seizing all the relations of things, reunites a thousand different objects under certain general principles.

The great picture of the world is as it were retired from him, and applause diminished; its colours begin to mingle and blend; and before half the course of his life is over, he in all things perceives some resemblance; and it is no longer in the power of any thing to excite his curiosity.

Not so the fool, to whom the relations of things are unknown. At the end of a life of 200 years, and without leaving his native city, he would still find enough at which to wonder. As he never classes his i-

deas, as he never generalizes them, every thing in the universe presents itself to his eyes unconnected, every thing has its charms, every thing is a phenomenon; his life is only a continued infancy; for him nature still wears the same bloom, and for him is adorned with the same freshness.

In the eyes of a man of observation, the future soon appears only a probable reproduction of the past, which he, therefore, regards without pleasure. For the fool, it is a new creation, which the charm of hope continues every day to embellish.

The man who reflects, and whose thoughts embrace a thousand different combinations, must, in the moment of choice, and when he is called to make a decision, be perplexed by an infinite number of different motives, and distracted by their multiplied contrarities, which all the activity of his mind is unable to reconcile; he is undecided, he is tormented.

The fool decides at once, he has scarce ever any thing to compare; his eye is like a friendly glass which transmits to him only one or two objects at a time.

Another misfortune of men of genius which fools never feel, is the difficulty they find in making themselves understood; their reason is a kind of *sixth sense*, the effects of which they labour in vain to explain. Deceived by the human shape, they make incredible efforts to communicate their ideas to others; and did they not at length, by the help of experience, come to perceive that the generality of mankind were only the shadows of humanity, or *mannikins*, they would pass their lives in the torments of the *Danâides*.

Fatigued with external circumstances, if the man of genius turn his eye inward on himself, the consideration of what he wants continually

nually disturbs him in the enjoyment of what he possesses; he is never contented.

The fool knows none of these pains. If he enter within himself, he meets there with an affectionate landlord, who honours and respects him, who is always courteous, always polite, always ready to entertain him.

For the man of enlightened understanding, perfection is a steep rock whose top is lost in the clouds. For fools, it is a perfect globe: each sees himself at the summit, and all mankind as if below him. Nothing can trouble his serenity; he knows neither envy nor jealousy: as he places all his glory in mere nothings, he finds room for it every where.

At 30 years of age, if Damon becomes a magistrate, his hair is dressed out for the judgment-seat; he places himself on his tribunal; and if he reflects on the reverence which ought to attend the dignity of his gown, he clothes himself with a majestic gravity: but it is with difficulty that he supports it; a disordered curl in his neighbour's wig, the fall of a child, or a butterfly burning its wings at the candle, every thing awakens in him the idea of his superiority, and excites laughter: if he begin to speak, his gravity is again exposed to a new danger; for he cannot mention, however slightly, a possessive pronoun; he cannot pronounce the words *me* or *mine*, without being deliciously tickled with the idea of a property so charming; his composed features dilate in spite of him, and his countenance yields to the attraction of pleasure.

Look at two fools discoursing together: the one does not hear a word of what the other says, but both laugh without ceasing; whilst one speaks, the other is placed in a point of view which ravishes him, partly from what he has said, partly from what he is going to say. They pro-

mise, at parting, to meet again soon to open themselves to each other; and each of them believes that he has, by his sallies, produced all the joy of his friend.

The man of genius, on the other hand, scarce ever says a good thing, or expresses an ingenious thought, without a considerable degree of timidity; the delicacy of his taste renders him difficult to be pleased, he wishes to astonish even himself; he has besides observed the various windings of self-love; he thinks he has discovered that the generality of mankind never allow their companions the praise of genius, but when by their modesty they seem themselves to be ignorant of it, and leave to their admirers the honour of the discovery as a consolation for their own triumph.

The fool never subjects himself to the tyranny of discretion: he retails his ideas in the plenitude of confidence; and, if he ever advances so far as to hazard some common reflections, he publishes them with the sound of trumpet; he accompanies the whole with an air of wisdom; and shining all over with the lustre of his glory, he retires a little to contemplate himself, advances again to have the pleasure of hearing himself; and in this sweet occupation, plunged in a delirium of happiness, he glories in the homage which he receives from himself.

To finish our comparison: The man of genius, when in love, is always dissatisfied: the acuteness of his perception is an obstacle to his happiness. A single word which escapes his mistress, a look which surprizes him, a single tone which he interprets, a thousand shades of character imperceptible to every other; all are sufficient to perplex his hopes: and even while he enjoys the most tender love, his genius never leaves him a moment's repose; he tortures his heart by the most subtle distinctions; loved

he doubts that he is not beloved for himself alone; he is afraid of being loved because he loves, and not by the charm of an invincible ascendant; he analyzes love, and its sweets escape him.

The fool enjoys love without being loved again; he thinks he makes the same rapid impression upon the ladies that he makes upon himself; his eye, happily constructed, collects in its focus all the diverging rays; and while he is all the time scarcely perceived, he thinks himself the object of universal admiration; he imagines he is loved because he is amiable; he believes himself amiable because he is a fool; and upon this immovable basis is his happiness erected. Let us never, therefore, be in pain for him. A happy lover, the fool is an easy and quiet husband: and as every thing wears for him a favourable aspect, if he ever happen, as is very possible, to be made a cuckold, he supports this character with a felicity which even the fortunate lover may envy. If, at break of day, he sees any one go out of his wife's apartment, he runs to it immediately, opens her casket, counts her jewels, and laughs heartily at the robber's not being able to discover them.

What a spectacle of happiness does this picture, faint as it is, present to our eyes! Can you, ye fathers and mothers, be insensible to it, and will you never change your system of education? It is only to flatter your own vanity, and to add new lustre to your grandeur, that you wish your children to be distinguished by their genius and abilities, and that you labour to accomplish this with so much ardour; you prepare the scaffolding upon which you yourselves wish to ascend: and in the impatience of your pride, the most charming period of their lives, their childhood, is disagreeable to you: or, if your motives are different, into what an error then have you fallen?

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What! Because you are happy only by the suffrages of others, do you esteem yourselves the benefactors of your children, when you inspire them with the same sentiment, and assist them in gratifying it? Cruel that you are! might they say to you; you had it in your power to bind our happiness to our own opinion, and you have rendered it dependent upon that of others; you might have placed in reservoirs of our own the water that was to quench our thirst, and you have opened its source in the fields of others. Cease then to merit this reproach from your children: instead of embellishing their person, dazzle their eyes, inspire them, if possible, with an unshaken confidence in themselves; send them into the world thus armed; and if there they should be covered with ridicule, never trouble yourselves about the matter: it is their happiness which is intrusted to you, not their glory.

In vain do you say, that it is your duty to make them advance towards perfection. The perfection of man is his happiness; and if, by the gift of folly, every one found that happiness in himself, those numerous social virtues to which we give at present the name of perfections, would become only useless sacrifices. It is the acuteness of our feelings, it is the delicacy of our self-love, which render this perfection so difficult; we are obliged to search for it with eagerness in a union of qualities agreeable to others, in studying their tastes, and in an attention to please: but a perfection of this sort is slavery; it depends upon opinion, an arrogant and capricious divinity. Ah! let us call back from its worship those whom we love. Ask of those who have followed it, how many tears it has cost them in private. My hero never shed one. At the altars of Opinion, the man of genius is at once the sacrificer and the victim; the fool, at these same altars, is the worshipper at the same time and the god.

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Assist me then, ye men of genius, to multiply fools upon earth. I, indeed, can feel their happiness, but you only have the power to propagate a new system: and why should you refuse the task? Why these airs of disdain? The distance which separates you from them, and which to you appears infinite, escapes perhaps millions of beings superior to you. Who knows but in the universe every one may be the fool of another fool? Who knows but you are fools to the inhabitants of the moon, or some aerial spirits? Do you doubt of this

because you do not hear them laughing at your expence? But your fools do not hear you; and it is the distinctive characteristic of folly never to perceive any thing, and to mistake the limits of its own view for the boundaries of nature. Be more timorous, then, and more distrustful; and far from despising the fools whom you meet, admire their happiness, and acknowledge that they want nothing to aspire to the title of men of genius, but to have been fools by their own choice.

*L'Esprit des Journaux.*

LETTER from Dr JOHNSON to a Member of the Society in Scotland for propagating Christian Knowledge.

S I R,  
I DID not expect to hear, that it could be, in an assembly convened for the propagation of Christian knowledge, a question, Whether any nation uninstructed in religion should receive instruction? or, Whether that instruction should be imparted to them by a translation of the holy books into their own language? If obedience to the will of God be necessary to happiness, and knowledge of this will necessary to obedience, I know not how he that withholds this knowledge, or delays it, can be said to love his neighbour as himself. He that voluntarily continues ignorance, is guilty of all the crimes which ignorance produces, as to him that should extinguish the tapers of a light-house might justly be imputed all the calamities of shipwrecks. Christianity is the highest perfection of humanity; and as no man is good but as he wishes the good of others, no man can be good in the highest degree who wishes not to others the largest measures of the greatest good. To omit for a year or a day the most efficacious method for advancing Christianity in compliance with any purposes that terminate on this side

the grave, is a crime of which I know not that the world has yet had an example, except in the practice of the planters of America; a race of mortals whom I suppose no other man wishes to resemble.

The Papiests indeed have denied to the laity the use of the Bible; but this prohibition is but in few places now very rigorously enforced, and is defended by arguments which have for their foundation the care of souls. To obscure, upon motives merely political, the light of revelation, is a practice reserved for the reformed; and surely the thickest midnight of Popery is a meridian sunshine to such a reformation.

I am not very willing that any language should be totally extinguished. The similitude and derivation of languages afford the most undubitable proof of the traduction of nations and genealogy of mankind. They add often physical certainty to historical evidences; and often supply the only evidence of ancient migration, and of the revolution of ages, which left no written monuments behind them. Every man's opinion, at least his desires, are a little influenced by these favourite studies.

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My zeal of language may seem, perhaps, rather overheated, even by those by whom I desire to be well esteemed. To those who have nothing in thought but trade, policy, present power, or money, I shall not think it necessary to defend my opinions; but with men of letters, I would not unwillingly compound, by wishing the continuance of every language, however narrow in its extent, or however incommodious for common purposes, till it is repositied in some version of a known book, that it may always hereafter be examined and compared with other languages, and then permitting its disuse. For this purpose the translation of the Bible is most to be desired. It is not certain that the same method will not preserve the Highland language for the purposes of learning, and abolish it from daily use. When the Highlanders read the Bible, they will naturally wish to have its obscurities cleared, and to know the history collateral or appendant. Knowledge always desires increase. It is like fire which must be kindled by some external agent, but which will afterwards propagate it-

self. When they once desire to learn, they will naturally have recourse to the readiest language by which that desire can be gratified; and one will tell another, that if he would attain to learning or knowledge, he must learn English. This speculation may perhaps be thought more subtle than the grossness of real life will admit.

Let it, however, be remembered, that the efficacy of ignorance has been long tried, and has not produced the consequence expected. Let knowledge, therefore, take its turn; and let the patrons of privation stand a while aside, and admit the operations of positive principles.

You'll be pleased, Sir, to assure the worthy man who is employed in the new translation, that he has my wishes for his success; and if here, or at Oxford, I can be of any use, that I shall think it more than honour to promote his undertaking.

I am,

S I R,

Your most humble servant,  
SAM. JOHNSON.

Johnson's Court, }  
Fleet-Street, 13th Aug. 1766. }

*In what does our LIBERTY consist?*

**T**HE blessings of life are too numerous for a bad man. He is tired of perpetual licence to act as he pleases; he is tired of a succession of advantages; he abuses them as fast as they are poured upon him. The beneficence of heaven, the mildness of government, the strength of connections, wealth, rank, are all lost upon him. His mind, ever restless after new gratifications, hurries him from one extreme to another, until at length he finds himself weakened beyond the enjoyment of any blessing, yet thirsting after the greatest. Possessed of liberty without being conscious of it, he commits acts of licentiousness, without perceiving that

he has deviated from the right path. Reprehended for these acts, he complains that his liberty is abridged, and that he lives a stranger to that freedom in which nature appears to have placed mankind.

Liberty is the never-ceasing cry of them who abuse it in the greatest degree, and it is the theme of gratitude to them who know how to prize it most. The former consider it as a permission to do whatever mischief lies in their power: the latter look upon it as the peculiar gift of heaven to a happy people; and are therefore watchful of their own words and actions, lest in too great presumption they encroach on its limits, and per-

vert it into a public curse. With good men, the cry of liberty is much more seldom to be heard than with bad men. The views of good men tend not to ambition; their happiness is a something within, and that is liberty to them which permits them to employ the means of that happiness; they are less boasting of liberty, than anxious to improve it to the best of purposes, and content to have the power of doing unlimited good; they are not impatient to be sacrificed to the invitations and seduction of vice. Not so with bad men. Their happiness flows not from a consciousness of inward worth, intention, or approbation. Their happiness is pleasure, a never-ceasing endeavour to make the present hour a busy or a giddy one, to banish the consideration of what is before them, and the recollection of what hath past. In this pursuit they exhaust their liberty; it is insufficient for their purpose; it becomes expedient that they have leave to trample common laws, decency, and government under foot: but the general peace of a nation requires that they be restrained from such outrage; this resistance stimulates their worst passions; they complain that they want liberty, that they are slaves, and live under tyrannical government. Assisted by thousands of men as worthless and unprincipled as themselves, they encroach by little and little on the lenity of good government, until they have deprived laws of their force, and given to the nation an example of resistance to wise governors, as the only means of securing the permanency of their restless libertinism. Mercy is an enemy to sudden harshness; lenient measures are carried into execution, but without effect; and in the space of a very few years, authority has lost its nerve, and laws are merely records of what has been but useless in the prevention or punishment of the crimes that are.

All our blessings, all our passions and affections, are subjected to a certain regular progress; they all incline to the extreme, but the true enjoyment of them lies in the *mean*. A good mind may enjoy those blessings and be grateful for them while they last, but it is only a *great* mind that can make them last for ever. It is a *great* mind that distinguishes between rational friendship and a temporary enthusiasm; between œconomy and avarice; between generosity and prodigality; between liberty and licentiousness. It is a *great* mind only that can so enjoy a blessing as to know that it is transitory in its common nature, and only permanent when we can reflect on it with pleasure. It is a *great* mind only that can so restrain the passions of youth, and the inequalities of temper in manhood, as to prevent them from accumulating and accelerating the calamities of life, and making man miserable in the midst of happiness which he is too weak to enjoy. In a word, it is a *great* mind only that can prevent us from mistaking the power of doing good for a permission to do whatsoever ill our passions or our profligacy may suggest.

Liberty is of two kinds; liberty to do good, and liberty to do ill. The first, good men enjoy: the latter, bad men in a certain degree do enjoy; that is, they are permitted to be their own enemies, and only restrained from being public pests. But the liberty to do good, and the liberty to do ill, cannot be separated, because men entertain different ideas of good and ill, and we can only judge of one or the other by observing their tendency, whether it be most to happiness or misery. In this country they are closely united; and their being but few distinctions between the one and the other, and those few little attended to and less enforced, we not only possess the power of doing good, but

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are exposed to all the temptations of licentiousness.

In order to judge whether the usual complaints of the want of liberty are just, let us consider in what our liberty consists. It is commonly divided into religious and civil; the former regarding toleration to worship God in whatsoever manner we please; and the latter securing to us our properties, persons, &c.

In the first place, We are at liberty to worship one God, or two Gods, or no Gods at all.

Secondly, We are at liberty to deny that there is a God, to impugn the doctrine of the Trinity, to deny the existence of a Saviour, and to prove, that when men die, there is an end of them; and that it is as absurd to expect eternal life for man, as it is to expect that the ashes of burnt coals shall in another world revive and unite into solid masses.—We may prove, likewise, that the world was originally a chaos; and that the present objects in it made themselves without any assistance from a superior Being; that man's mind is a bundle of ideas, put together nobody knows when, and disposed of afterwards nobody knows where; that dogs and cats have souls to be saved as well as men; that an Atheist, a Deist, or a Freethinker, is a man of greater liberality of sentiment than a Christian; that the Scriptures are a collection of fables, calculated to frighten old women and children. but very much beneath the attention of a man of spirit.

Thirdly, We are at liberty to worship our Maker according to the form of the Church of England, of Scotland, of Rome, or of the Quakers, Arminians, Socinians, Methodists, or any other form whatever.—Or, if we are pleased to neglect worship of every kind, there is no law whatever to make us act otherwise. And, if we attach ourselves to any sect, we are still at liberty to break through the rules of that sect, and

give our assistance to reduce its primitive sanctity to a level with the prevailing profligacy of the age. I will not enlarge on this subject; it may be disagreeable.

Fourthly, We are at liberty to live single, chaste, or to marry; we are at liberty to enter the house of a friend, to seduce his wife into the basest of crimes, or his daughter from her duty, her character, and her happiness! we are at liberty to keep a mistress, or to visit the promiscuous meetings of the abandoned; we are, in short, at liberty to violate the ties of marriage and of affection, to introduce misery and remorse into a house where happiness and conscious innocence used to delight to dwell.

Fifthly, We are at liberty to prey on the fortune or happiness of our neighbour in whatsoever manner we please; to impose on his credulity, nay, to derive the greatest wealth from abusing the good nature and unsuspecting curiosity of a nation; to erect schools of infamy in the most fashionable places; to improve every weakness of a benevolent people into self-interest; and, like the enemy of mankind, to go about seeking whom we may devour. In the course of trade, the unguarded moments of ingenuous friendship, and on every occasion, may we enrich ourselves at the expence of others; and thus it is often, that the riches which might have made thousands happy, are heaped on a wretch who cannot enjoy them. We are at liberty to oppress the fallen, and make the miserable yet more miserable.—Or, we are at liberty to return good for evil, to raise and support neglected merit, to wipe away tears from the eyes of the afflicted, and create a smile even in the house of mourning. We are at liberty to listen to all the calls of humanity and misery, and to employ our wealth in alleviating the woes of others, and thereby increasing our own happiness.

Sixth.

Sixthly, We are at liberty to read all books; to study whatever science we please: nor are we less free, if we never open a book, and are entirely ignorant of science.

Seventhly, We enjoy the liberty of the press. In what this originally consisted, I cannot well determine. At present, by it we are at liberty to print blasphemy, treason, and profligacy; books to alienate us from our God, our King, and our duty: we are at liberty to print the most obscene books that ever disgraced the invention of man; to sell them in public, to advertise them in common newspapers, to speak in praise of them in newspapers, to promote the sale of them in whatever manner we please, to extend it to all parts of the world; thus to infuse the deadliest poison into the minds of the young and the unthinking of both sexes. Whether there are any laws against such writings or not, it is not for me to say; but is it of any consequence that we have laws, if they are not carried into execution? I rather suppose, in charity to our legislators, both spiritual and civil, that it is not at present in their power to suppress obscene books. Far be it from me to think that they are not willing to do so.—We are also at liberty to print books in useful sciences; and a blessing, beyond all others, invaluable to a benevolent mind! We are at liberty to make what attempts we can to counteract the operations of libertine writers, and to employ both wit and argument to render vice ridiculous, and vicious writers contemptible. To this liberty we owe the best works that ever appeared in any language.

Eighthly, We are entirely free to exercise the tongue and pen of calumny and falsehood. How grateful ought some newspapers to be for this liberty?—By it they enjoy the unlimited privilege of traducing any character however great or good, of

reprobating any measure of government however salutary, of disturbing the peace of private families, of turning into ridicule things sacred, and familiarizing the lower classes with habits of dissatisfaction and disobedience—Supreme blessing!—They have even the liberty to contribute, and that in no inconsiderable degree, to the desolation of their country, by misleading the affections of the ignorant from the government under which they live, and making that government an object of pity or of derision to other states—Happy country! where *this* is liberty—The time was, when the very debates of Parliament were concealed from the public eye, and when it was criminal to publish them—Barbarous and tyrannical were those times, when a man would have been pilloried for a political paragraph, convicted criminally for *cool considerations*, yea, hanged for a *hint*—Perish the memory of such Gothic actions! No—rather let us turn our eyes, for a proof of the superiority of the present system of liberty, to the riots in 1780, when those men who had been the subjects of diurnal malevolence for a series of years, were the very persons most in danger of being knocked on the head.—Had a spirit of moderation actuated political critics before that time, the mob would have been at a loss for victims—but a spirit of moderation is a *slavish* spirit.

Of the ten commandments, I know none which we may not break even literally—Stealing comes within the sphere of our liberty; and murder is a crime whose enormity is entirely done away by a new set of laws, commonly called *laws of honour*.—In a word, our liberty is the liberty of doing just as we please—of doing all manner of good, or all manner of wickedness; of robbing, provided it be not on the highway; of stealing, provided we do

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not enter a man's house by a ladder; of murder, provided we go about the work coolly, and after due notice given; of adultery, provided there be no legal proof; and of every degree of calumny, provided we have the art to lurk under

the cover of ZA—PQ—or any other anonymous signature. When to the above observations, we add the free use and importation of every luxury, and the practice of every vice, I think our *Liberty* may be called COMPLETE. *Westminst. Mag.*

### A DEFENCE of the SLAVE TRADE.

S I R,

I OBSERVED in your last Magazine an elegant performance on the slavery of the negroes of the West Indies. While I admire that humanity which directs the author's pen, I cannot help regretting it should have induced him to plead so bad a cause. Were the negroes in their native country free and civilized, and possessed of those finer feelings which he ascribes to his visionary hero, there might perhaps be some reason for his complaints: but if we reflect for a moment on that state of slavery, rudeness, and barbarism, in which they are immersed in their native country, we will soon agree they cannot change for the worse. Wandering amidst trackless deserts or boundless forests, where foot of Christian never trod, destitute of the common necessaries of life, and exposed to all the fury of inclement skies; their situation affords only one complicated scene of misery. It would be shocking indeed to the feelings of humanity to paint that despotism they are subjected to in their own climate. Despotism in any country is discordant to the finer feelings of the human soul, but more especially in a barbarous age. In civilized periods, the dictates of humanity repress the unfeeling rigour of the tyrant; but in more unpolished ages, his lawless fury knows no bound. The servitude, then, of the negroes is to them a happy change. It relieves them from the

barbarous despotism of their native tyrants, and subjects them to more civilized masters.

I agree with the author in reprobating every unnecessary severity to these unhappy beings; but, at the same time, I cannot help observing, that freedom would prove to them a real misfortune. Habit reconciles human nature to every possible situation; and a change, however to the better, may sometimes be disagreeable. Snatch the Hottentot from the dirt of his native huts, and place him in a palace, and he will be unhappy. Bear the Greenlander from his dreary regions to some climate blessed with the verdure of perpetual spring, and still he will be miserable. The inhabitant of a despotic country looks with contempt on that freedom which we adore. To give the negro freedom, would be to destroy his happiness; for slavery is become congenial to his nature.

I might now expatiate on the necessity of the measure to preserve our sugar islands, which would otherwise be ruined; I might mention the losses our trade would thereby sustain, and the advantages that would accrue to our natural foes: but these are topics so often insisted upon, that I think it entirely unnecessary to mention them here. I am,

S I R,

Yours, &c.

CASSIUS.

EDIN. March 13. 1785.

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REFLECTIONS on the State of NATURAL HISTORY amongst the Ancients, and on the Causes of the Fiction wherewith their Narrations abound.

THE connection of the arts and sciences one with another, has been fitly compared to the continuity of a circle. Considered in a progressive, as well as in an united view, they may, with equal propriety, be likened to a body of soldiers; in the movements of which, those in the advance will, as long as there are no obstructions in the way, be regularly followed by the lines behind them.

From this mutual dependency, the improvement in any one in particular must be proportional, in a great measure, to the progress of the whole: with all, however, this is not the case; and, whilst the greater part moves only with the body at large, there are some which can push themselves forward independent of the rest, and can leave them for a while at a distance behind.

In the earlier ages, therefore, during the infant state of the arts and sciences, chiefly in the latter kind would advancement be made; and the greater number, helpless of themselves, and unaided by others, would for a long time remain at a stand.

Now, there is reason to suppose, that the contemplation of those objects of nature by which he would be surrounded, would be the first employment of the thinking part of created man, when the necessities of life were once satisfied, and the conveniences thereof duly provided for. And hence it is not improbable, that natural history is a science of remotest antiquity. This, though in these days dependent for its increase on the help of the rest, might, before the time of the flood, when neither the race of men nor of beasts were very widely dispersed, have made greater advances than many of the others: but afterwards, when the inhabitants of the earth were diffusely scattered

over every tract, observation would be deprived of many of its objects, and curiosity would not have the means of indulgence. All that could be known, therefore, of those individuals of nature which, confined to particular climes, particular nations, on account of the imperfection of navigation, could not possibly see, must be wholly referred to the traditional accounts received from those whom the Divine pleasure had preserved from the flood. But as memory by degrees would unavoidably lose much of what oral tradition had taught, the bulk of facts would, after a time, be sadly diminished. And, the deficiency of truth, as is always the case, being freely supplied by the introduction of fiction, the historical descriptions of many of the individuals of the natural world would, in the end, be little more than tales of invention.

Hence, in the later ages, when the hand instead of the tongue became the recorder of what was known, natural historians, in their accounts of those individuals they never had seen, and which, for want of the means, they never could see, could only relate what tradition had told them; and, unfurnished with the power for making proper inquiry, would be obliged, in some measure, to give credit to stories which they could not contradict; and, in many instances, to admit of fiction in the place of fact.

These things being considered, it will not be difficult to account for the many fabulous narrations and idle tales which occur in the writings of the naturalists of old, particularly in the works of Aristotle, Ælian, and Pliny. Of these, Ælian was perhaps the most credulous. He, of all others, seems to have taken the great-  
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est delight in exciting the wonder of his readers by the marvellous histories wherewith he abounds. One instance of *ingenious* (I should say absurd) fiction I shall here mention; since his recital of it must afford a conspicuous proof of his propensity this way. "Wolves (says he, in the 20th chapter of the 7th of his 17 books, *αἰετὶ ὡς ἰδιώτης*) are exceedingly savage. It is said by the Egyptians, that they even devour one another, and practise the following stratagem for that purpose. Having formed themselves into a ring, they all run round till one of them, seized with a giddiness from that vertiginous motion, suddenly drops: At that instant all the others rush upon him, tear him to pieces, and eat him up!" There is something so strikingly improbable that hungry savage wolves should ceremoniously and deliberately take such a step as this to satisfy the cravings of their impatient appetites, that it is truly astonishing that such a story should ever have been invented, and still more wonderful that it should ever have found its way into the writings of a natural historian.

But, allowances being made, as they certainly ought to be, for the times in and the circumstances under which the naturalists above mentioned wrote, such kind of faults we shall readily over-look: persuaded,

that had they had the same opportunities of voyaging to distant tracts, as every one now-a-days has; had the intercourse of men, and the communication of knowledge, been as easy, as extensive, and as frequent in those times as they are in the present; and, lastly, had they then had those grand repositories and great collections of whatever is worthy preservation, of which every civilized nation is now possessed: assured, I say, that with assistance like this, they would have traced out the truth in these things as far as the moderns have done; and that under the same disadvantages, those of our own times would have fallen into as many errors. Amidst a multitude of fiction, by which the ancients are obscured, much reality will be certainly found by those who will be at the pains of an attentive examination. And they who hold in cheap estimation whatever our fore-fathers have done, must surely require to be told, that though the moderns may boast of having piled up the building which catches the eye; the firm foundation, the more important part, which is hidden from our sight, whereupon the superstructure is raised, and which alone gives stability to the whole, is the work of those who lived in earlier times.

MONACHUS.

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COMPARISON of the Modern and Ancient ORATORS.

Lord Monboddo mentions a fact, which appears to me to furnish a better solution than any that has yet been given, of a question that has long divided the sentiments of the learned, I mean the reason why the ancients excelled the moderns in eloquence; for that they did excel them in this polite art is universally admitted, even by those who are least prejudiced in favour of antiquity.

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True it is, his Lordship does not draw the same inference from this fact that I mean to draw. He has produced it for a very different purpose. No matter: the inference is not the less natural or the less obvious on that account. The first contriver of a machine or instrument, does not always foresee the various uses to which it may be applied.

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One of the principal reasons assigned by those who have written upon this subject, for the superiority of the ancients above the moderns in the art of eloquence, is the great simplicity, as well as the small number of their laws, by which their orators were not only left at liberty, but were even in some measure obliged to address themselves to the equity of the judges, instead of drawing their arguments from established rules and precedents. Now, as equity is rather of a vague and indeterminate nature, depending very much upon the sentiments of mankind, and being different in the opinion of different persons, it evidently follows, that their orators had a fair opportunity, and even a strong temptation, to adorn their speeches with all the flowers of rhetoric. The case is very different in modern times and modern governments, especially in our own government. Here the laws are so numerous and so comprehensive, as to take in almost every case that can possibly happen. The consequence is, that our public speakers, at least in their judicial pleadings, are obliged to adhere strictly to the rigid letter of the law. They have no need to paint in strong colours the atrociousness of the crime of which the culprit is accused. Their only business is to prove that he is either guilty or innocent of the charge; and if he is guilty, the law will determine the nature as well as the degree of his punishment.

Another reason, commonly alleged for the superiority of the ancient orators above the modern is, that the former always addressed themselves to more numerous and more mixed bodies of people; than the latter. In the petty states of ancient Greece, the orators had frequently the whole body of the citizens, which sometimes comprehended the whole subjects of the state, for their hearers. This was

attended with a double advantage. In the first place, it inspired them with a stronger desire to excel; as it is an undoubted fact, that a man will always exert himself with greater spirit when he speaks to a large, than when he directs his discourse to a small assembly. And this desire of excelling would, in general, be followed by a proportionable ability to do so. The vigour of performance is commonly in proportion to the intensity of desire; and it is very justly remarked by some moral or metaphysical writer, whose name I cannot at present recollect (I think it is either Mr Hume or Dr Johnson), that a strong propensity to any particular art or science, is generally accompanied with an equal genius or capacity for it.

The other advantage is this: the circumstance of being listened to by a numerous audience gave the orator an opportunity of working more powerfully on the passions, the prejudices, and the affections of his hearers; for though small bodies of men may be guided by reason, yet large bodies are almost always influenced by passion. The rule, which holds in the material world, is directly reversed in the moral, or the rational. In the former, the larger a body is, it is the more difficult to move; but in the latter, the larger it is, it is the more easily moved. Hence it is, that the ancient orators, in haranguing the large assemblies to whom they commonly spoke, addressed themselves not to the reason, but to the passions of their hearers; and it is well known, that in moving and controuling the passions, and thereby influencing and directing the conduct, the great secret of oratory consists.

Besides, the ancient assemblies were not only the more easily led in consequence of their being numerous, but likewise because, from this very circumstance, the greater part of

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them may be supposed to have consisted of the most ignorant and the most uninformed of the people; and it is a certain fact, that every man in proportion to his ignorance, is more under the dominion of passion, and less under the guidance of reason. One of the most numerous assemblies, to which an orator in modern times has an opportunity of addressing himself—I mean a political orator; for as to the eloquence of the pulpit, I leave it at present entirely out of the question—is the British House of Commons; but, I believe, it will be allowed, even by the most enthusiastic admirers of antiquity, that a British House of Commons is a more learned and more intelligent body than a Roman or an Athenian mob; and that therefore the same abilities which enabled a Cicero or a Demosthenes to command the resolutions of their countrymen, would by no means enable a British senator to gain the same ascendancy over his fellow-members.

A third reason that is usually assigned for this superiority of the ancients above the moderns in the art of eloquence, is, that the former indulged themselves in a more spirited delivery, and a more vehement action, than the latter ever employ, or perhaps even dare employ, without running the risk of making themselves ridiculous. The celebrated opinion of Demosthenes on this subject is well known. Being asked what was the first part of oratory? he answered, Action: what was the second? Action: what was the third? he still answered, Action; thereby insinuating, that action was the principal qualification of an orator, and that all other qualifications, without this, would be of little or no avail. Agreeably to this maxim, the action of the ancient orators was of the most bold and animated kind. The *supplisio pedis*, or stamping with the foot,

was one of their most moderate and usual gestures; though it is now banished from the pulpit, the senate, and the bar, as too vehement; and is only admitted into the theatre, to accompany the expression of the most violent passions.

Many other reasons for this superiority of the ancient orators to the moderns, are alledged by different authors; but the principal one, in my opinion, is the fact that is mentioned by Lord Monboddo, and which I alluded to above. It is this: Before the invention of printing, books being only in manuscript, were so scarce and so dear, that it exceeded the ability of any but persons of the very first fortune to purchase any considerable number of them. To those of little or no fortune, they were absolutely inaccessible. The consequence was, that whatever share of knowledge a man was then possessed of, he was obliged to treasure it up in his memory, to carry it perpetually about with him, and to have it ready upon all occasions, and, as it were, at his finger's end.

The case is very different in modern times. That the moderns are more learned than the ancients, I have not the least doubt; but a great part of a modern scholar's knowledge lies in his books, which he can consult whenever he pleases. He thinks it unnecessary to burden his memory with a great number of minute particulars. He holds it sufficient to remember the leading facts of history, and the general principles of arts and sciences; but as to the details of either, he frequently suffers them to escape his memory, conscious that, by means of his books, he can easily recall them whenever he has occasion to employ them for any particular purpose. Thus it appears, that an ancient scholar, considered singly and by himself, and without any foreign aid and assistance, was a much more accom-

plished character than a modern; but allow the latter to call in those aids, and that assistance which he has always near him, and which he can command whenever he pleases, and he outstrips the former by infinite degrees.

This very difference, however, afforded the ancients a surprising advantage over the moderns in the art of eloquence; for I believe it may be laid down as an indisputable fact, that, *ceteris paribus*, every man will make a more capital figure, either as a private speaker or a public orator, in proportion as he has his knowledge more at his command, and ready to produce on every occasion. Hence we find, by daily experience, that a man possessed of a very moderate share of knowledge, will sometimes eclipse another, who is perhaps master of ten times his learning; and indeed it is a common remark, that the most learned and ingenious men are frequently the most awkward and ungainly speakers. Addison could hardly open his mouth in parliament.

Add to this another consideration,

which perhaps is of no less importance, and that is, that the ancient orators were perpetually engaged in the exercise of their art, as it was the only means they had of communicating their sentiments to the inferior orders of the people; whereas the moderns have a less direct indeed, but at the same time a much more comprehensive method of doing so. For I believe I may affirm, without being charged with being guilty of exaggeration, that for one discourse that is now addressed to the people in public harangues, there are a thousand, and even ten thousand addressed to them in print. What was formerly done by the tongue, is now performed by the press.

If you, Sir, or any of your correspondents can favour the public with a more satisfactory solution of this curious question, I shall be glad to hear it; for though now firmly convinced of the justness of my reasoning, yet I am not so wedded to my own opinion, as not to be willing to change it for a better.

I am yours, &c.

REFLECTOR.

*T. and G. Mag.*

*Ancient working of MINES in travelling through SIBERIA; by M. PALLAS.*

IN travelling thro' the southern part of this immense country, we discover frequent traces of a population much more numerous than what it could boast of at the time of its memorable conquest by the Russians. One does not indeed perceive those monuments, whose ruins testify the pride and magnificence of their ancient founders: here are neither temples, theatres, nor aqueducts. The habitations themselves are only indicated by certain entrenchments which a genius for war caused to be reared, and which time has almost effaced. On the other hand, there are here

found tombs of a size often prodigious; and such as reverence alone for the memory of ancestors could have engaged barbarous nations (who are always indolent) to erect from those rude materials which nature offered, and which time has more respected than the greater part of the productions of art of the polished nations of antiquity.

These tombs exist every where in the discovered regions which extend along the great chain of mountains bordering on Siberia. Their number and vast size are no where more observable than along the rich tracts

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between the rivers Abakan and Oruyous, upon the western banks of the Yenisei, and at the foot of the Altaique Alps. This recalls the idea of the Scythians; of whom it is said in Quintus Curtius, that they challenged the conqueror of Darius to come and attack them nigh the tombs of their ancestors. The choice of the ground, the excellent pastures, the absence of every trace of masonry, or any fixed habitation, announce here, as well as every where else in Siberia, the ancient nations called Nomades. And the number of very large tombs, grouped together as in cemeteries, prove that the Yenisei was the principle seat of the empire of these ancient nations; the memory of whom no longer exists in these places, and whom the Tartars, the actual inhabitants of the neighbourhood, recognize not for their ancestors, being ignorant even of their very name.

By an examination of these tombs, and by the frequent digging into them, which has been privately done for the sake of gain, in spite of all prohibitions, we are now enabled to class them, and to judge from their exterior form of their contents, and of what we may expect to find in them. In those of the first class, of which M. Pallas describes the structure, there are generally found bones of horses; then one or more small cells rudely constructed and covered with coarse stones, where the dead bodies seem to have been interred without coffins, but with their moveables and most necessary utensils. The state of the bones, which are found nearly destroyed in these tombs, although in a dry and elevated soil, leaves no doubt of their high antiquity; the little riches which are got in them, mark a people without luxury and without industry. It is only in the most gigantic of these tombs, which we must ascribe to the chiefs and to the richest persons of the nation, that there have been sometimes found

utensils and ornaments in gold and silver; but too artificially constructed not to believe them productions foreign to that nation, and which they could have acquired only by commerce or plunder. Moreover, the iron discovered in these sepulchres, whether of weapons or pieces of armour, distinguishes them very remarkably from the other class, which merits particular attention.

The tombs of the second class are rarely found mixed with the first; sometimes indeed in the neighbourhood, but oftener collected in separate and distinct cemeteries. They are in the form of hillocks or mounds, of different size and elevation; and being raised with earth taken from the plain without any vestige of fosses or trenches in their neighbourhood. Some of these earthen monuments are surrounded at their base with vast masses of rock fixed in the ground; and they are found sometimes accompanied with some huge stone with heads rudely sculptured on it, or marked with some unshapely figures. Under this accumulation of earth, which is raised generally two or three, and sometimes four or five fathoms above the level of the plain, upon a circumference of 60 or 150 paces, one finds several caverns often pretty entire, constructed of coarse larch wood, like to the timber-work in the cottages of the Russian villages, and covered with rough planks of the same wood with birchen bark above. It is known that these two vegetable substances resist corruption for ages; and certainly they could not have chosen better materials next to stone; which last the builders of these tombs seem to have avoided, because they were ignorant how to cut and fashion them into a regular masonry, for otherwise they had them within their reach; and one finds even sometimes masses of them placed by way of roof upon these wooden caverns.

A remark, essential to be made here, is, that besides certain small pieces of workmanship, and a quantity of little plates of beaten gold, there are taken from these tombs a very great number of instruments and utensils, all of copper and brass. The wrought gold and copper contained in these tombs, and of which the cabinet of the academy of Peterburgh possesses a very numerous collection, have forms so rude, and abound so much in all these tombs, that one must necessarily ascribe the fabrication of them to this ancient people of whom they are the monuments. They had undoubtedly the means and industry to procure to themselves the first substances in plenty enough to expend them on their sepulchres: for the tombs of the poorest sort are hardly ever without some pieces of these two metals; and those of the rich contain very large quantities of gold in plates, which excite the greediness of the diggers. We can no longer doubt that this people were either ignorant of, or at least neglected, the use of iron, since, in spite of the prodigious number of very rich iron-mines in the neighbourhood of the Yeniseï, all their cutting instruments, hatchets, knives, daggers, points of lancets and arrows, were of copper. Works of silver are as rare in these tombs as those of iron, less perhaps through ignorance of the mode of obtaining it from the mines, than through the deficiencies of every mineral which

contains it in that neighbourhood.

These details conduct the academician to the true subject of his memoir. He has no difficulty in conceiving whence this ancient people drew their gold and their copper, when he considers the frequent traces of ancient mines which are found in the neighbourhood, and every where, where such monuments have been left. Since the Russians have begun to work the treasures contained in the bowels of Siberia, they have hardly cut a vein, or opened a mine, where the ancient miners had not already tried their fortune. Their works, tho' less deep, have ever served as traces to the modern miners; but it is observable, that these ancient works have only touched upon mines of copper, easy to work and melt, and upon ochres charged with grains of gold. Wherever the rock is strong, the works have been conducted superficially, in only scratching the surface of the veins most exposed by the falling down of the rock. In beds less refractory, the ancient workers have penetrated deeper, even as far as 10 or 20 toises. M. Pallas on this subject has entered into large details; and he reports, that they have dug from the heart of the ochre-mines the skeleton of a man crushed by their falling in, whose mineralised bones were accompanied with his work implements, and a leather-bag filled with ochres very rich in golden grains.

*Journ. Encyc.*

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*An IMPROVEMENT proposed.*

THOUGH born and bred out of Scotland, I have been many years settled in it; and since I came into it, have constantly attended the Presbyterian worship. I believe it will not be refused, that our

preachers, of late years especially, have in general paid such attention to what they are to deliver from the pulpit, that we have now not a few whose compositions equal even those that are the most respectable pulpit-orators

orators of any establishment in Christendom.

Ever since I have been able to reflect upon the different tenets held in religious subjects by the numerous adherents to the Christian name, as far as I have had curiosity and time to look into them, I acknowledge my partial attachment for the Scotch establishment, as at present reduced to that standard of moderation founded on a mutual forbearance of such as conscientiously dissent from our communion; and this my attachment has yearly increased, only one circumstance excepted, to which I flatter myself, that the judiciously devout will give their hearty assent.

I have ever thought the multiplicity of prayers in the English service, together with their brevity, no recommendation to that mode of worship; though as prayer and praise are immediate addresses to God, and, as I take it, the chief end of our hebdomadal meetings, I cannot but allow, that the Episcopal service has an essential advantage over at least a great number of our religious public assemblies; in which the time spent in devotional exercises does not bear a suitable proportion to that which is taken up in preaching.

Our extemporary prayers, as they are called, may now in general be heard and followed with pleasure by the most intelligent audience, as they are equally replete with pious sentiments and correct diction. Our version of the psalms, though not elegant comparatively with some others, recommends itself as a close translation; and in some places is not destitute of what I shall take the li-

berty to style the *simplex munditiis*.

Would our ministers portion out the time allotted for divine service so as at least to divide it into three parts, equal or nearly so, that prayer and praise may have each their proper share thereof with the public discourses, I presume our meetings would be with more propriety said to be for public worship than at present. Some mode near to this is what I would be extremely pleased to see introduced.

I know many think it would be more becoming to stand up when we are praising God: but as such a reform might offend those who make up the greatest body of our religious assemblies, I am inclined to recommend the old custom: though most earnestly would I recommend to all heads of families to encourage the cultivation of church-music, that as we are now by our enlightened pastors entertained and instructed elegantly as well as scripturally, we the hearers, by praising the great Jehovah with understanding hearts, and in sweet melodious strains, may have our public devotions gone through all of a-piece. R.

EDIN. MAR. 3. 7  
1785. }

P. S. I have not, I seldom, been shocked with the ill-timed haste of some preachers, who, after a discourse of an hour's length, or near by it, have concluded the service with a prayer and psalm, both dispatched in little more than five minutes. This is not an observation of mine alone; and from it has been drawn a conclusion not over friendly to the devotion of the preacher. R.

OBSERVATIONS on the CLIMATE of NICE, in a Letter from B. PUGH, M. D. to Sir GEORGE BAKER, Baronet.

MY view, says the author, in this publication, is to render service to those of my countrymen, whose

infirm state of health may force them to seek relief in foreign climes. And as this place, Nice, is so much re-  
spected

sorted to by English invalids, it is my earnest wish to render them all the information and assistance in my power, and I feel myself particularly called on to be minute in my account of it.

The city of Nice is the capital of that county in Piedmont, which belongs to the king of Sardinia.

The country about Nice is most delightful and pleasant, all which, from the Castle Hill, or even from the ramparts, is taken in at one view, and looks like an enchanted spot or garden of Paradise; the whole plain being highly cultivated with vines, pomegranates, almonds, &c. as also with every species of evergreens, as oranges, lemons, citrons, and bergamots. The hills are shaded to the tops with olive trees; amongst which are interspersed the castles or country houses, which add great warmth to the landscape. The gardens belonging to them are full of rose-trees, carnations, ranunculas, violets, and all sorts of flowers, which bloom the whole winter. Here, indeed, vegetation continues the whole year, and the inhabitants may justly be said to enjoy a perpetual spring; for although Nature reposes herself during the winter months in most other countries, she is ever active and indefatigable here.

The sun in this climate, during the winter months, produces a heat nearly equal to that in the month of May in England. Such also is the serenity of the air, that one sees nothing above one's head for months together, but the most charming blue expanse without clouds.

The walks near this city are very pleasant and numerous: but the rides, which are very much confined, are stony and disagreeable, except the two where the carriages pass; the one by the sea-side, as far as the Var, about five miles; and the other, about two miles from the New Gate, on the Turin road, between two lofty

mountains, by the side of the river Paglian.

There is a market tolerably well supplied with provisions, such as beef, pork, mutton, and veal. The lamb is small, and often poor: the poultry is very indifferent, and dear; but game is plentiful and reasonable, unless there be much company. There is no scarcity of fish; but the best sorts are dear: the butter is good, and rather cheap; the bread very indifferent indeed. The greatest part of their provisions come from Piedmont.

I hope I have given a just account of this beautiful little country, with respect to its external and pleasing form: let us now look into its inconveniences, and the more interesting parts with respect to those who come here for the purpose of recovering lost health.

Amongst the many disagreeable things are to be reckoned the incredible number of flies, fleas, bugs, gnats, &c. These never sink into a torpid state, as in colder climates, but are troublesome all the winter. Gnat-nets are fixed to all the beds, without which there would be no sleeping. The trades-people are extremely imposing in all their dealings; and the English in general, with every degree of circumspection, cannot guard against their knavery. Servants of every kind are the most abandoned cheats, slovenly and lazy; the lodging-houses excessively dear, both in town and country, which they force you to take for six months, or they will not suffer you to enter. Care must be taken to make the most particular agreements upon every occasion; for if the least tittle be left to their honour or good nature, you will pay dearly for falsely attributing to them qualities which this class of the inhabitants very rarely possess.

It is necessary to state these difficulties, because it is important to the cure that the patient should enjoy every comfort, and possess an equal



equal and calm mind; for in as much as his quiet is disturbed, or his temper ruffled, by so much is his cure retarded.

The climate now demands our attention. The air, as I before observed, is serene, and perfectly free from moisture; whatever clouds may be formed by evaporation from the surrounding sea, seldom hover long over this small territory, but are attracted by the mountains, and there fall in rain or snow. As for those which gather from more distant quarters, their progress hitherward is obstructed by these very Alpine mountains, which rise one over another to an extent of many leagues.

The air being thus dry and elastic, it follows, that it must be agreeable to the constitutions of those who labour under disorders arising from weak nerves, obstructed perspiration, relaxed fibres, a viscidty of lymph, and a languid circulation: But as the atmosphere is strongly impregnated with marine salt, which is easily discoverable when there are strong breezes from the sea, the surface of the hands being covered with a salt brine very sensible to the taste, scorbutic disorders are common amongst this people. This quality of the air arises from the high mountains which hem it in, and prevent its free communication with the surrounding atmosphere; in which the saline particles would be diffused and softened, were there a free circulation.

This country hath continually variable wind, as it is surrounded by mountains, capes, and straits. By these sharp and sudden variations, particularly in the months of March, April, and May, the human constitution is no less affected than by the current of air: whilst the sun gives so great heat, that you can scarce take any exercise out of doors, without being thrown into a breathing sweat, the

wind is frequently so keen and piercing, that it too often produces the mischievous effects of the pores thus suddenly opened; as colds, pleurifies, peripneumonies, ardent fevers, rheumatisms, &c. The heat rarefies the blood and juices, while the cold wind constricts the fibres, and obstructs perspiration. Hence in the winter-months, you never meet an inhabitant of Nice without his cloak wrapped about him, and his mouth and nose stopped with his handkerchief or muff, that the air might not enter into his lungs without passing through a medium to soften it. Hence also he wears several flannel waistcoats and the warmest clothing.

To what diseases then are the inhabitants of this country most subject? They are troubled with fevers of various kinds, in most or all of which I found the lungs concerned; scrophulas, rheumatisms, ophthalmias, scorbutic putrid gums, with ulcers and eruptions of various sorts. The most prevailing distemper seemed to be a marasmus. I frequented their hospitals often, and found these to be the chief diseases; all which are similar to those in the hospitals of Naples and other towns near the sea-coast in Italy. But if the inhabitants themselves, whose very looks betray marks of ill health, afforded not such numerous proofs of the unwholesomeness of this air, I am, alas! furnished with too many by my unhappy countrymen, who wintered there in 1783. There were 24 families, besides several single English gentlemen, the whole of which amounted to the number of 136 persons; and I believe very few of those who came there on account of the air, found the expected benefit: I can except only two; one, an elderly gouty gentleman; the other, a tender, weakly, low-spirited gentleman, with a slow fever at times; but both had sound lungs. The only

consumptive cases I saw at Nice were six young gentlemen, and a lady rather advanced in years; all of whom died in the course of the winter. Three of these young men were so active and cheerful at times, even to a day before their deaths, that there was reason to hope for their recovery. Had they stayed in England, or some parts of the south of France, I firmly believe that four of the six, *if not now alive*, would at least have protracted their days.

The climate and diseases of Naples are similar to those of Nice. The air of both is evidently too sharp and penetrating for consumptive patients. Remains there then to be tried any plan which may be preferable? I will be hardy enough to suggest one, which appears to me to challenge fairer hopes of success.

The moderate warmth and refreshing verdure of England are surely preferable to the sultry suns and changeable piercing winds of Italy. Let the consumptive patient make choice of Abergavenny in South Wales for his summer residence; use proper exercise, and drink goats whey. If he be of a lax habit, the Tilbury waters will be an excellent common drink. As soon as winter threatens approach, let him remove to the environs of Bristol, take horse-exercise on the Downs as often as the weather and his strength will admit; and drink the hot-well waters under the direction of an able physician, who will assist him likewise in the application of proper medicine and diet. Should this method prove ineffectual, I should advise a trial of the south of France. The parts to which I should give the preference for a winter residence are the environs of the city of Avignon, near the famous fountain of Vaucluse, Nis-

mes, or Pezenas, where the air is as dry, and much more pure than that of Italy.

As the sun, during the months of June, July, and August, is extremely powerful in Provence and Languedoc, let him remove to Berrage or Banniers, both situated amongst the mountains, where the air in these months is temperate and agreeable, the living cheap, good cows and goats milk in plenty, and some of the waters in each place beneficial in diseases of the lungs, as have been experienced by many who have drunk them under those complaints. The Cevennes mountains also, which abound with many medicinal springs, afford several places of an agreeable summer retreat. In November, let him return to his winter's residence. If, after a fair trial for two years, he should find no relief, I should fear that his disorder was beyond the reach of human skill. As there are but few drugs to be had either in France or Italy, and those few of the most ordinary quality, let me advise the invalid to furnish himself with a chest well filled with the best English medicines. Let me add another remark before I quit this topic. It is commonly thought that the moist and foggy atmosphere of Great Britain, so loaded as it is with humid particles, renders the inhabitants more liable to catarrhs, rheumatisms, fevers, pulmonary complaints, and other diseases arising from obstructed perspiration, than those of milder climates; but let the inhabitants on the sea-coasts of Italy, who are so horribly afflicted with these diseases, and than whom there are not more miserable objects in all Europe, testify to the contrary of this received idea.

*The FELIE-BEG, no part of the ancient HIGHLAND DRESS.—Part of a Letter from IVAN BAILLIE of Abereachan, Esq;*

I N answer to your inquiry, I do report, according to the best of my knowledge, and the intelligence of persons of credit and very advanced ages, that the piece of Highland dress, termed in the Gaelic *felie-beg*, and in our Scots *little kilt*, is rather of late than ancient usage.

The upper garment of the Highlanders was the tartan or party-coloured plaid, termed in the Gaelic *breccan* when buckled round by a belt, and the lower part plaited and the upper loose about the shoulders. The dress was termed in the Gaelic *felie*, and in the Scots *kilt*. It was a cumbersome unwieldy habit to men at work or travelling in a hurry, and the lower class could not afford the expense of the belted trowsers or breeches. They wore short coats, waistcoats, and shirts of as great length as they could afford; and such parts as were not covered by these, remained naked to the tying of the garters on their hose.

About 50 years ago, one Thomas Rawlinson an Englishman, conducted an iron work carried on in the countries of Glengarie and Lochaber; he had a throng of Highlanders employed in the service, and became very fond of the Highland dress, and wore it in the neatest form; which I can aver, as I became personally acquainted with him above 40 years ago. He was a man of genius and quick parts, and thought it no great stretch of invention to abridge the dress, and make it handy and convenient for his workmen: and accordingly directed

the using of the lower part plaited of what is called the *felie* or *kilt* as above, and the upper part was set aside; and this piece of dress, so modelled as a diminutive of the former, was in the Gaelic termed *felie-beg* (*beg* in that tongue signifies *little*;) and in our Scots termed *little kilt*; and it was found so handy and convenient, that, in the shortest space, the use of it became frequent in all the Highland countries, and in many of our northern Low Countries also. This is all I can say about the date and form of the *felie-beg*, and what was formerly used in place of it. And I certify from my own knowledge, that till I returned from Edinburgh to reside in this country in the year 1725, after serving seven or eight years with writers to the signet, I never saw the *felie-beg* used, nor heard any mention of such a piece of dress, not [even] from my father, who was very intelligent and well known to [acquainted with] Highlanders, and lived to the age of 83 years, and died in the year 1738, born in May 1655.

The *felie-beg* is in its form and make somewhat similar to a woman's petticoat, termed in the Gaelic *boilicoat*; but differs in this, that the former is not so long nor sewed in the fore-part, but made to overlap a little. The great *felie* or *kilt* was formed of the plaid double or twofold; the *felie-beg*, of it single.

I use *f* and not *ph* in spelling *felie beg*, as, in my esteem, more adapted to the Gaelic:

March 22. 1768.

[To the Editor of the Edinburgh Monthly Magazine.]

#### CAVILS at MILTON.

I N studying the works of great men, especially of those who have showed irregularity in their genius, I have often found it an amusing exercise, and, if I have not deceived myself, likewise an instructive one,

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to endeavour to amend, alter, and new-model their productions. The presumption of the attempt I confess may be great; but with me it is like a secret crime committed by one whose conscience is asleep, while no fears of discovery terrify his imagination. I endeavour to cast aside that veil of prejudice, which to minds of sensibility covers the naked follies of the great, and to be as familiar with their works as if they were the offspring of my own brain; erasing, varying, transposing, cavilling often at those passages I most admire. The result is, that either from a just conclusion of the judgment, or a misconception of the fancy, I think myself raised in some degree above my ordinary level towards that of my author, and kindred ideas to his inspire me, at the same time that I am more sensible of his merit from the little impression the weak shafts of my criticism are able to make upon an armour of proof, which presents only those openings which the imperfection, inseparable from human nature, is not able entirely to close.

The desire of communicating to others the pleasure I have felt myself, joined with that of scribbling, induces me to be for the present your correspondent: and to explain myself still more fully, I send you a specimen, which I make no doubt will fill with horror "and pangs unfeelt before," almost every admirer of the great Milton. The presumptuous freedom with which he is treated, astonishes even myself, who am the perpetrator of the audacious deed. I intitle my lucubrations,

#### CAVILS AT MILTON. Book I.

L. 1. "Of man's first disobedience." &c.

##### VARIATION.

Of man's first disobedience and the tree  
Of knowledge, whose forbidden fruits were  
death  
And Eden's loss, and all our future wo;

Till by the Son of Man they be restor'd:  
Sing heavenly muse, &c.

L. 14. Can a song fly? The propriety of Milton's language here is doubtful, but the thought is fine. It is a just compliment which a great mind pays to itself.

##### VARIATION.

L. 16. Things unattempted yet by other bard.

##### VARIATION.

L. 18. To sculptur'd domes the heart upright and pure.

L. 20. Was present-brooding o'er the vast abyss.

Has a dove mighty wings? It is better to give no form at all to this mysterious spirit.

L. 22. Thou mad'st it pregnant—

L. 23. The expression wants accuracy too much to be good. *Lowness* is not in the man himself, but in his *place*. *Low* in *me* is nonsense.

—What is mean raise to sublime.

Query? Might not it be "raise and sublime?" *i. e.* make sublime.

L. 34. "The infernal spirit: he it was," &c.

As if the Holy Ghost in *propria persona* were answering his bold and peremptory question; and thus the whole of the poem the language of the Deity. This is soaring with a witness.

L. 30. "Favour'd of heav'n," &c.

It seems indeed very extraordinary: But, on the other hand, transgressing the will of a Deity is so whimsical, and in itself so innocent an instance, and that too by seduction artfully planned and dexterously executed, does not correspond with the term *soul revolt*. By the natural feelings, the religious sentiments may teach the contrary. Milton would have done better to have left it out, and made the proposition more general: Thus,

Favour'd of heav'n so highly, from their  
God

In black rebellion to fall off so soon?  
Who first, &c.

L. 41. "If he oppos'd," &c.

Milton here gives you to understand, that Satan *trusted* to have equalled the Most High; and *doubted* if he even would *oppose* him! How inconsistent this with Satan's knowledge of the attributes of the Deity, which Milton often notices through the poem!

L. 42. "Against the throne and monarchy of God," &c.

This is an unlucky word. It suggests the word *despotism* as more descriptive.

L. 46. "With hideous rain and combustion, down," &c.

Sound, but not sense.

L. 49. "Who durst defy," &c.

It was doubtless an instance of great courage and ambition; qualities of the mind which we mortals are very apt to admire; and we are as ready to condemn a savage cruelty in revenging their unsuccessful attempts. This introduction gives us a fellow-feeling for poor Satan through the whole of the poem.

L. 54. — "more wrath" — is feeble: it should be *greater wrath*. At any rate, it is rather an insulated observation; the "*for* now the thought," &c. appears at first to be an explanation or proof of what went before; but the poet really meant, that Satan's *future crimes* against our first parents were to bring a severer punishment upon him, and nothing of this goes either immediately before, or follows immediately after.

L. 55. "Both of lost happiness and lasting pain."

It would seem Milton here meant that there should be an antithesis. There is no opposition. The situation admits of a very striking one;

Both of past happiness and future wo;

Or,

Both of lost happiness and misery found.

And the picture would be stronger,

could the idea *for ever* be put in  
Of pleasure ever lost, and endless pain.

L. 57. "That witness'd huge affliction."

The afflicted object may be huge; and perhaps this is the sense of the poet; but the affliction cannot *It is* a gross impropriety; huge joy, huge pleasure, huge hope, huge fear, are very inelegant.

—"Affliction and dismay" are improper colours for a picture of infernal demons. Obduracy, pride, hate, envy, fortitude, craft, cruelty, are more proper characteristics.

L. 60. "Dismal situation waste and wild."

It is *more than waste and wild*. — It is horrible, hideous, dreadful, execrable.

L. 61. "A dungeon." It is greater than a dungeon.

—"Great furnace." It is greater than a furnace. Besides, who ever heard of a furnace being waste and wild?

VARIATION.

—Round he throws his baleful eyes,  
That witness'd dire distraction and despair,  
&c.

—The dismal situation ravag'd round  
With fierce consuming fires; yet from, &c.

L. 68. — "And a fiery deluge." The poet brings in the fiery deluge here again, as if he had not been describing it all the while, but was now to say something on it for the first time

L. 69. "With ever burning sulphur unconsumed." Sound. It would have had a good effect to bear the materials of the fire to the imagination.

L. 72. — "Utter darkness." A scripture-phrase has a bad effect here. We had before darkness visible, by which we saw some objects though dimly; now we have utter darkness. — Pshaw!

L. 74. "As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole."

This line does not fill the mind with the idea of prodigious distance. What is the utmost pole?

## VARIATION.

More distant from the blissful seats of heav'n,  
Than through the illimitable starry sphere  
From pole to pole; where telescopic art  
In vain attempts to reach.

L. 80. "Long after known in Palestine,"  
&c.

Milton's fancy in making devils of  
the heathen deities corresponds ex-  
actly with the impressions we receive  
of them from the scriptures.

L. 84. "If thou be'st he," &c.

This outset does not correspond  
with the ferocity and sternness of the  
character. He should not bewail his  
fate, but be above it, as afterwards  
Milton informs us even the common  
herd of devils accomplished; and

—Arm the obdurate breast  
With stubborn patience, as with triple steel.

X.

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*On the COINS and MEDALS of SCOTLAND.*

THE knowledge of the coins and  
medals of Scotland has hither-  
to been in a great measure confined  
to the antiquary alone. This we  
imagine has been occasioned by the  
few books that have been written on  
that subject, the high price which  
they bear, and, above all, by the want  
of a proper collection, to which the  
studious might have easy access. To  
supply, as far as lies in our power,  
these defects, we have thought it our  
duty, for the instruction of such of our  
readers as may wish to have informa-  
tion on that subject, to select the fol-  
lowing extract from an Essay on Me-  
dals just published, which contains  
much useful information on the sub-  
ject in general.

"There is no certainty of any coins  
being struck in Scotland till the reign  
of Alexander II. which began in the  
year 1214. Those ascribed to A-  
lexander I. there is little doubt be-  
long to the second prince of that  
name; else many would be found in  
the long reign of David, who suc-  
ceeded Alexander I. And though the  
short time which Malcolm IV. Da-  
vid's successor, held the sceptre, may  
excuse the want of his coins, yet  
William has not this apology. No  
coins of David I. Malcolm IV. or  
William the Lion, are found, which

are not ascribed to other princes by  
the best medallists; those of the last, in  
particular, belonging to William the  
Conqueror, only struck in Norma-  
dy\*.

The series from Alexander II. has  
not these difficulties to combat; and  
it is therefore from that king only  
that we shall date the commencement  
of Scottish coin. Nor is it any won-  
der that no money should be struck  
in that kingdom till so late a period,  
when its want of mines, and its di-  
stance from any country where silver,  
the only metal anciently used for coin-  
age, is found, are attended to. Not  
to add, that the kingdom, by no  
means opulent when complete, was  
divided into different states, till the  
ninth century, when the Picts were  
subdued. Soon after that event,  
however, the money of England  
seems to have made a gradual pro-  
gress into Scotland, as would appear  
from the different English coins of  
the Saxon and Norman princes there  
found: and prior to that period, all  
bargains must have been by exchange;  
and indeed long after among the  
poor, for the English cash was no  
doubt confined to the higher class.

From the English the people of  
Scotland derived, and now derive,  
most of their improvements; and,

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among

\* In the succeeding abstract of Scottish coin, Ruddiman's preface to Anderson's *Diplo-  
mata et Numismata Scotiæ*, Edinburgi, 1739, folio, and Snelling on Scottish coin, London,  
1776, 4to, have been the chief guides. The latter only lived to describe the silver coin;  
but has plates of the gold and bullion.



among others, are surely indebted to them for the example of their coin. The Scottish money indeed continued, as we know from authentic records, the very same with that of England in size and value till the time of David II. 1355, whose vast ransom drained the Scottish coin, and occasioned a diminution of size in the little left. Till this time it had been current in England upon the same footing with the money of that country\*; and to preserve this equality, we have proof that, upon the diminution of the Scottish silver coin, Edward III. thought himself obliged in consequence to lessen the English †, that the par might last; a circumstance which would argue that the money of Scotland was frequent in his dominions.

That prince having first struck groats in 1354, Scotland immediately followed the same plan, the first being of David II.

After the ransom of David II. the Scottish coin gradually diminishing, in the first year of Robert III. it passed only for half its nominal value in England; and at length, in 1393, Richard II. ordered that it should only go for the weight of the genuine metal in it ‡. To close this point at once, the Scottish money, equal in value to the English till 1355, sunk by degrees, reign after reign, owing to succeeding public calamities, and the consequent impoverishment of the kingdom, till in 1600 it was only a twelfth part value of English money of the same denomination; and remained at that point till the union of the kingdoms cancelled the Scottish coinage. Having thus briefly discussed the comparative value of the Scottish money with the English, let

us proceed to mention the several divisions of it.

To begin, therefore, with the *Silver*. Of Alexander II. who reigned till 1249, we have only pennies: but Edward I. of England in 1280, having coined halfpence and farthings, in addition to the pennies, till then the only coin, Alexander III. who succeeded Alexander II. and reigned till 1293, likewise coined halfpence; a few of which we have, but no farthings are found. The groat and half-groat introduced by David II. completed the denominations of silver money till the reign of Mary, when they all cease to be struck in silver: for about her time the price of silver was so increased, that they could no more be coined, except in billon of four parts copper and one silver; which had been practised by her predecessors James II. III. IV. and V. and was likewise at different times in the monies of her own reign ||.

In 1544, the second year of Mary, four marks Scottish were equal to one mark English, that is, Scottish money was a fourth of that of England. About 1550, shillings, or testoons, were first coined, bearing the bust of the queen, and the arms of France and Scotland on the reverse; they, being of the same intrinsic value as those of England, were then worth four shillings; the half-testoons two, Scottish money. Marks of 13s. 4d. Scottish were also struck, worth 3s. 4d. English. During the commotions of this reign, the coinage appears not to have been directed, as anciently, by acts of parliament, but by orders of privy council, and oftener, it would seem, by contract and immediate order of the queen. Hence the positive dates of some new kinds cannot

\* See a rescript of Edward III. in Rymer, vol. V. p. 813.

† Rastal and Rymer. In the reign of David I. the ounce of silver was coined into 20 pennies; Robert I. 25 pennies; Robert III. 1393, 32 pennies, Stat. Robert III. c. 21.

‡ Stat. 1393, c. 1.

|| The reverend Mr Southgate has a full-faced penny of Mary in billon; which is very scarce.

cannot be fixed; yet it may safely be presumed, that about 1560 crown-pieces of silver, equal to the English, appeared and went for 25s. Scots, with the half, sometimes called the mark of 12s. 6d. Scots, and quarter of 6s. 3d. the coin being then as 1 to 5. But it is amazing with what rapidity the coin of Scotland declined in the course of a few years; for in 1565, by act of the privy council of that kingdom, the crown, weighing an ounce, went for 30s. Scottish; and lesser pieces of 20s. and 10s. were struck in proportion; so that the coin was to the English as 1 to 6. These pieces have the mark xxx, xx, x, upon them, to express their value\*.

“ In the time of James VI. 1571, the mark and half-mark Scottish were struck; the former being then worth about 22 pence, and the latter 11 pence, English.

“ Upon these pieces the motto NEMO ME IMPUNE LÆDET was ordered, but does not appear. In 1578 the famous NEMO ME IMPUNE LACESSET occurs first upon the coin; the same in sense with the other, but of a better sound. Its invention is ascribed to Buchanan: but Father Bouhours gives it to the Jesuit Petra Sancta †; though, from the perfectly similar motto ordered in 1571, and altered 1578, there is no doubt but Bouhours is mistaken, either from misinformation, or the paltry vanity of ascribing to his order the invention of this celebrated sentence. In 1582, as authorised by the contract entered into between the Earl of Morton, governor of Scotland, and Atkinson,

then mint-master, dated in 1579, forty shillings Scottish went to the crown of an ounce, thence marked XL. In 1597, the crowns are marked L, Scottish money being then to the English as 1 to 10; and in 1601, LX is the last and highest mark of the crown, then worth 60s. Scottish, and the coin to that of England as 1 to 12, at which it continued ever after.

Thus silver, which in England had been tripled in value since William the Conqueror's time, the pound being then coined into 240 pennies, worth in ideal money 20 shillings, but now into 62 shillings, was in Scotland raised to 36 times its first price ‡.

The Scottish silver, coined after the union of the crowns, need hardly be pointed out. Charles I. struck half marks, 40 pennies, and 20 pennies, marked ʒ, xl, and xx, behind the head; and Charles II. gave pieces of 4, 2, 1, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  mark Scottish, noted LIII. 4.—XXVI. 8.—XIII. 4.—VI. 8. in the centre of the reverses. In 1675 appeared Scottish dollars, of 56 shillings Scots, 4s. 8d. English, with half of 28s. quarter of 14s. eighth of 7s. sixteenth of 3s. 6d. all Scottish money. James VII. in 1686, published coins of 60, 40, 20, 10, 5 shillings Scottish, but only the 40s. and 10s. pieces are known, with 40 and 10 under the bust. William and Mary continued the same coins. Of Anne we have only the 10 and the 5, marked under the head with these figures, denoting their value. At the union of the kingdoms all the Scottish coin was called in, and recoined at Edinburgh, with the mark z under

\* Between 1565 and 1567 must have been struck those pieces called Crookstone Dollars, which have Henry and Mary on one side, and a yew tree, DAT GLORIA VIREB, on the reverse, as I am told. They derive their name from Crookstone, an estate of the Lenox family, near Glasgow. I suspect they are only the common crowns of Mary and Henry.

† Les Entretiens d'Ariste et d'Eugene. Ent. VI. *Les Devises*, Amst. 1703, p. 400.

‡ Mr Ruddiman strangely misunderstands and misrepresents Le Blanc's meaning, when he tells us that silver is diminished 40 times in value in France since the time of Charlemagne. Coin in France has gone through as degrading a revolution as in Scotland; a *spédus* of Charlemagne is worth 40 modern *fol.*

der the bust, to distinguish it; and since there has been no mint in Scotland.

“ To close this account of the Scottish silver coin with a few unconnected remarks, it may be first observed, that the money of that country is equal to the cotemporary English, and often superior, in workmanship. This is owing indeed merely to the chance of employing superior artists. The coin of James V. in particular, is much better executed than that of Henry VIII. The groat of James V. in which he always appears with a side face, is a very good coin; as are the different pieces of Mary, particularly her testoons: but the fine crown of her and Henry Darnley, engraved in Anderson, is so very scarce that few have seen it. It is a pity that the portrait of this princess so seldom appears upon her money. The best heads of her are those upon

the shillings, 1553, &c. and gold coins of equal size, mostly marked 1555, below the bust; which last are supposed to have passed for 31. Scottish, being worth 15 s. English of that time\*.

There is a singular defect in the groats of Robert II. who succeeding David II. there is no alteration but of the name; the head, and every thing else, remaining the same in those of Robert as in them of David. A strange instance of the state of the arts in Scotland at that period! tho', if I mistake not, it is paralleled by the coin of England much later, for there are groats of the first year of Henry VIII. in which there is no alteration from those of his father but in the numeral. The great seals of the five first Jameses have similar absurdity, the portraits being the same, whatever minute alterations may be made otherwise.”

[To be concluded in our next.]

PARTICULAR CONSEQUENCES of Mr ORDE's *Irish Resolutions to the Landed, Manufacturing, and Trading Interest of Scotland; and GENERAL CONSEQUENCES of them to the British Empire.* Edin. Creech.

IN the present critical situation of this country, when its future welfare as a nation is dependant upon the determination of the parliament of Great Britain, with respect to the resolutions which have already received the sanction of the parliament of Ireland, we see with pleasure every publication which can serve to throw any light on so important a subject. It is therefore with particular satisfaction we announce the present performance, (which is said to be the production of Sir J. Dalrymple

Baronet); and recommend it to the careful perusal of every well-wisher to his country. We regret that the limits of our work will not permit us to insert an extract: it would indeed be doing it injustice to separate one part from another, or to attempt to abridge it. Without aiming at elegance of expression, or endeavouring to impress the minds of men by vain declamation, it does a tale unfold, which it would well become every inhabitant of this country seriously to consider. N.

An APOLOGY for the LIFE of GEORGE ANN BELLAMY, late of Covent-Garden Theatre. Written by Herself. 5 vols.

MRS BELLAMY's mother was farmer in Kent, whose name was the daughter of an eminent *Scal*. He was one of the people

VOL. I. N<sup>o</sup> 3.

H h called

\* Slender sharp features, and the use of an elegant squib, distinguish all the coins and genuine paintings of Mary.

called Quakers; and dying young and intestate, the whole of his effects fell into the hands of his widow, who married a second husband of the name of Busby; a man of *supposed* property, but in fact so involved in debt, that Mrs Busby, not having taken the necessary precautions to secure a maintenance for herself and daughter, was left destitute of support. She therefore accepted of the offer of Mrs Godfrey\*, sister to the Duke of Marlborough, to take her daughter under her protection. By her she was placed at a boarding-school in Queen-square with her own daughter. Here she attracted the notice of Lord Tyrwley; and being young and inexperienced, more under the influence of the *flesh* than the *spirit*, she eloped from school, and leaving the protection of her kind patroness, sought for happiness in the arms of her lover. Her noble admirer, however, proving false, they parted; and she went on the stage in Ireland, where she continued for several years, till on some disagreement between her and the proprietors, she left that kingdom, and formed the strange resolution of following Lord T—— to Lisbon. She was received by him with open arms; but having, prior to her arrival, formed a connection with a lady of that country, and not caring to inform Miss Seal of it, he placed her in the family of an English merchant. In this family she

became acquainted with Captain Bellamy; who having in vain solicited her to accept his hand, at length informed her of his Lordship's connection. Rage and resentment supplied the place of affection; and she immediately married Mr Bellamy, and set sail with him for Ireland.

In a few months after the arrival of the Captain and his new-married Lady at the place of their destination, to the inexpressible astonishment and dissatisfaction of the former, “(says our author), I made my appearance on this habitable globe on St George’s day 1733, some months too soon for Captain Bellamy to claim any degree of consanguinity with me. My birth, however, so exasperated him, that he left the kingdom, and never saw or corresponded with my mother afterwards.”

Lord Tyrwley, though greatly displeased at Miss Seal’s sudden departure from Lisbon, nevertheless wrote to a friend in Ireland to request, if she proved pregnant in time, to consider the child as his, and to take care of it as soon as born, without, if possible, suffering the mother to see it. Agreeably to these instructions, our Author was put to nurse till she was two years old; and at the age of four, was placed in a convent at Boulogne, for her education, where she continued till she attained her eleventh year. On her arrival at Dover, she was met by a per-

\* Of this Lady Mrs Bellamy tells a very extraordinary story, which has been considered as fabulous. In defence, however, of her veracity on this occasion, we shall add, that she has no less an authority for the truth of her account than the present Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, who relates the fact in these words:—A certain Lady was ill; and her husband “being very fond of her, constantly attended her. On a Sunday morning, about the time of going to church, her other attendants declared her to be dead, and were going to prepare the body for the funeral. This the husband would not permit; and determined to watch the corpse himself, till some farther alteration gave him infallible proof of death. The next Sunday morning he perceived his wife to stir and breathe. In a little time, finding her in her perfect senses, he observed to her, that she had slept a long time. She replied, ‘Not long; for I heard the bells ringing for church before I dropt asleep, and they have not done ringing yet.’ She was afterwards the mother of a family, who can still give testimony of the fact.”—*Farther Observations on the Doctrine of an intermediate State, in answer to the Rev. Dr Marton’s Queries.* By Peter Pickard, M. A. 8vo. 1757. p. 32.

For another story of the same kind, see Mrs Bellamy’s Apology, Vol. I. p. 163.

person who had been a domestic of his Lordship's, but now lived in St James's-street, and with whom she was to reside till his Lordship's return from Portugal, which was daily expected. On his arrival he received her in the tenderest manner, and soon took her to a little box which he had hired in Bushy Park. Here she was introduced to my Lord's company, which consisted chiefly of the witty and the gay, and soon became the object of admiration. My Lord soon after being appointed ambassador to Russia, she was left under the care of a lady of quality, with an express prohibition against seeing her mother, with an annual allowance of 100l. Allured by this bait, her mother, who had married again, and whose husband, after stripping her, had left her, prevailed upon her to quit her protectress and come to live with her. To this imprudent step, tho' the result of filial affection, and as such pardonable, Mrs Bellamy attributes the subsequent errors and misfortunes of her life.

In consequence of this, her allowance was not only stopped, but she was totally abandoned by Lord Tyrwley. Soon after, Mr Rich of Covent-Garden theatre having by accident heard her repeat some passages in Othello, engaged her as a performer at that theatre. At the time of entering into this agreement she was only 14; "of a figure (we adopt her own words) not inelegant, a powerful voice, light as the gossamer, of inexhaustible spirits, and possessed of some humour." Monimia was fixed on for her first appearance, much against the opinion of Mr Quin, who, after a smart altercation with Mr Rich on the subject, told her, in his usual way, "*Child*, I would advise you to play *Serina*, before you think of playing *Monimia*." To which she pertly replied, "If I did, Sir, I should never live to play the *Orphan*."

Notwithstanding this opposition, Mr Rich persevered in his opinion. But when the curtain drew up, her spirits failed her; and notwithstanding the repeated plaudits she received, she stood for some time like a statue, deprived both of memory and voice. The curtain was dropt till she could recover herself. She appeared again; but neither the persuasion of the manager nor the encouragement of the audience could rouse her from her stupidity till the fourth act, when, to the astonishment of the audience, the surprize of the performers, and the exultation of the manager, she felt herself suddenly inspired, and acquitted herself throughout the whole of this most difficult part of the character with the greatest eclat. Even Quin was *so fascinated* (as he expressed himself), that when she came off, he caught her from the ground in a transport, and exclaimed aloud, "Thou art a divine creature, and the true spirit is in thee;" and from that instant became her zealous friend; gave her a general invitation to the suppers he usually gave four times a-week; and having inquired into her mother's character and circumstances, inclosed a bank-bill in a blank cover, and sent it her by the Penny-Post. Many are the instances recorded in these Volumes of that gentleman's generous, though sometimes eccentric, conduct.

In this public situation she unavoidably had many professed admirers, among whom Lord Byron and Mr Metham stood foremost; but as she would not listen to any but honourable proposals and a coach, Mr Metham honestly told her, he could not comply with the first, as he depended on his father, whose consent he could not hope to obtain; and as for the latter, he could not afford it. Lord Byron, whose vanity was hurt at her rejecting him, contrived a plan to be revenged; in consequence of which

the Earl of —, a friend of his Lordship's, one Sunday evening called to inform her that a Miss B —, an intimate of hers, was in a coach at the bottom of Southampton-street, and wished to speak to her; when, on her going to the coach-door, she was suddenly hoisted into it by his Lordship, and carried off by force. From this *Platonic Peer* our fair Proserpine escaped *unaccountably* by the sudden apparition of her brother, and was safely lodged at her own mantua-maker's, in Broad-street. From hence she wrote to her mother; who, on the supposition of her having been consenting to the elopement, returned her letters unopened. Thus abandoned by her mother, and too much depressed by the public scandal to attempt a re-instatement in the theatrical line, the anguish of her mind brought on a fever, which had nearly proved fatal, but which her youth and constitution at length got the better of. On her recovery, she went on a visit to some of her relations at Brain-tree, where she was considered as one of the elect, and but for an unlucky discovery by the famous Zachary Moore, might have become a chosen vessel, but by this means was again exposed to be buffeted by Satan. After this romantic adventure, she was restored to her mother's favour, returned to town, and engaged with Mr Sheridan (1745), who was then in London raising theatrical recruits. The account of her journey to Dublin is humorous. On her arrival there, she, in consequence of her being acknowledged by Mrs O'Hara, Lord Tyrawley's sister; as her niece, was patronized by several ladies of distinction: this part of her apology is rich in theatrical anecdote. In Ireland she continued for two seasons, and became acquainted with a Mr Crump, on whose account she suffered much persecution at a future period. On

her return to England, she renewed her acquaintance with Quin, and her engagement at Covent-Garden (1748), where she was again disturbed by Lord Byron and a Mr Bullock. She now made her first appearance in comedy, in the character of Lady Froth in the *Double Dealer*. One evening, after playing Alicia, Mr Quin introduced her to Lord Tyrawley in the scene-room, when a perfect reconciliation took place between them. About this time she gave way to that predilection which from her first knowledge of him she had entertained for Mr now Sir George Metham, whom, she says, she now considered as her future husband. My Lord Tyrawley, having joined his interest to her mother's in favour of Mr Crump, who wished to marry her, and having one day peremptorily insisted on her compliance, this hastened a measure to which she was not very averse; and the same evening, in the beginning of the fifth act of the *Provoked Wife*, in which she played Lady Fanciful, Mr Metham carried her off from behind the scenes, and left Mr Quin to apologize to the audience. With Mr Metham she retired to York, where she remained till she was delivered of a son. In consequence of an offer the ensuing season of an engagement, she, at Mr Metham's persuasion, much against her own inclination, returned to town, where she was received by the public with their usual indulgence (September 1750). The connection between her and Mr Metham continued uninterrupted for some years, till at length the daemon of jealousy having got possession of his mind, he behaved, at an entertainment given by her in commemoration of his birth-day, so outrageously before the whole company, that a quarrel, and, in consequence of a rash vow, separation ensued.

Mr Calcraft, who was one of the party,



party, artfully contrived to widen the breach, and by a series of manœuvres prevailed on her (by the interposition of a Mr Gansell, at whose house she was on a visit, and who was the dupe of Mr Calcraft's art), after a variety of struggles, to consent to live with him, under a promise of his marrying her in the course of six or seven years, though he was at that time married. Soon after, she discovered the artifices that had been employed to induce her to take this step; and in consequence of it Mr Calcraft, to whom she never was much attached, became so disagreeable to her, that though they continued under the same roof, they lived very unhappily. Mr Calcraft's parsimony, to call it by no harsher name, of which she has given some striking instances, ill suited her unbounded generosity, which more than bordered on extravagance, and did not contribute to reconcile differences. His meanness (which, if the picture be not much too highly coloured, was in the extreme) produced in her a settled contempt, which terminated, after being together about eight years, in a final separation. During this period the author had two children by him; and though she was almost constantly engaged, and her emoluments at the theatre were very considerable, she at the time of their parting was deeply involved, notwithstanding Mr C—'s repeated promises to liquidate all her debts; in consequence of which she gave up her jewels to the amount of 6000 l.

After her separation from Mr Calcraft, she formed a connection with Mr Digges in Ireland; who bring as much embarrassed as herself, she experienced a variety of distress in the two years she lived with him; at the expiration of which they parted, owing to a former wife's resurrec-

tion. Of Mr Digges's behaviour to her she speaks, however, in the highest terms. After this we find her again engaged in England (1767), but perpetually in difficulties, till at length she was obliged to apply to Count Haslang the Bavarian ambassador for his protection, which he politely and readily granted; notwithstanding which she was arrested at the suit of a Mrs Ray, and obliged to take up her residence for some time in St George's Fields. After she had recovered her liberty, she lived with the late Mr Woodward till his decease (1777), who by will left the chief of his property in trust to his executors, to purchase an annuity for her during her life. From this bequest, whether owing to the chicanery of an attorney, or what other cause we know not, she reaped little or no benefit, and was at length, after an accumulation of misery, reduced to the dreadful determination of putting a period to her misfortunes and existence together (1780). From the execution of this rash resolution she was prevented by a fortuitous circumstance; and her place of abode having been discovered by some friends, on their bounty she has since subsisted, and still lives in hopes of profiting sooner or later by Mr Woodward's bequest.

Few people have met with more vicissitudes in life than Mrs Bellamy, or greater instances of ingratitude: a kind of fatality seems to have pursued her, which may, however, without ill nature, frequently be found to have originated in her own imprudence. We hope, however, that experience will have taught her that saving, though dear bought, knowledge, which may enable her to pass the remainder of her days, if not in affluence, at least in ease.

*Europ. Mag.*

PHILOSOPHICAL RHAPSODIES. *Fragments of AKBUR of BETLIS; containing Reflections on the Laws, Manners, Customs, and Religions, of certain Asiatic, African, and European Nations, collected and now first published by RICHARD JOSEPH SULLIVAN, Esq; 3 vols, 8vo. London, T. BECKET.*

THE work now before us, we are told in an advertisement prefixed, was written by a native of Assyria, who in very early youth was removed to the continent of Europe, and thence to England.

The learned reader will be disappointed, if he expects to find in this production deep research or abstruse speculation: but we may venture to promise him, what will please the generality of mankind better, the simple unadorned reflections of a benevolent man, which breathe a spirit of philanthropy and humanity, that do honour to the heart of the author.

It is impossible for us to follow him through the various countries which are the subjects of his reflections. We shall, however, as a specimen of his style of writing, select the following extract; which we flatter ourselves will afford some amusement to our readers.

“Disappointed as Mohammedans must be in even *senfual* gratifications, they are still farther from the certainty of fidelity in their females than other more liberal nations are, who glory in the confidence they can place in the partners of their bosoms. No repositories of love ever afforded more genuine intrigue than harems or seraglios: they are the constant theatres of human frailty. Similar distress creates similar commiseration. The devoted fair ones feel for each other: they plan in concert; and, when least suspected, licentiously indulge themselves under the cloak and through the connivance of their own or of a confederate community.

“The haram, in all Mussulman countries, is, it must be confessed,

unbounded in its influence. It is the seat of politics, the stage of negociation; and were it to be inquired where female interest was probably most prevalent, it safely might be answered,—in the seraglio of a Mohammedan; and the reason is evident. Men, it is true, are debarred, but women are not prevented visiting each other. Under the privilege which is thus allowed them, they freely communicate and open their hearts to each other; moments of dalliance afterwards furnish them with the ready means of acquiring information from their respective lords. Thus informed, they resolve upon the weightiest measures of the state; and, like a synod of divinities, control those very men who, in pride of soul, conceive themselves their rulers. Viziers, ministers, generals, admirals, all have their several cabals and parties within the sacred confines of the haram.

“The seraglio is moreover the place in which a voluptuous Mohammedan passes the greatest part of his time: it is the place in which he has imbibed the earliest rudiments of his education. This mode of instructing youth must undoubtedly be considered as one very principal cause of the great influence of the haram, which we have represented as irresistible. Men brought up under the eye and under the discipline of women, and impressed by them with soft and indolent ideas, readily acquiesce in surrendering to their gentle chains. The child of effeminacy, how can the riper age of man be otherwise than emasculate? All of us are but the creatures of one kind of fashioning or another: taught to speak—we are likewise taught to think. Scarce any

any man acts from his own ideas. Of that which is sown, that do we reap.

“We are told, indeed, of most sumptuous apartments; of tapestry, brocades, and costly furniture; of baths and grottos; gold-spangled floors; and perfumes that outvie the sweet fragrance of the groves. But, in all my journeying, and in all my inquiries, my evil genius hath fated me to observe a very different complection in the dwellings destined for the ladies. So far from being commodious, their rooms are invariably small and gloomy; and, for one that I have seen or heard of, tolerably convenient—I have counted 50, at a moderate computation, scarcely adequate to the hovelling of any being of the human species.

“The whole of the seraglio pile, indeed, is dismal. Dead walls and iron bars, are the securities against outward intruders. Sooty and deformed monsters, on the inside, are the guardians of the chastity of the wretched inmates. Whence, then,

can we suppose the society of the haram to be lively, happy, and entertaining? Let the female, in an equal degree with the male sex, be acknowledged adepts in the beautiful writings of Persia and of Arabia; let their imaginations be full of fire—their talents brilliant—in short, let them be possessed of every natural and acquired improvement; yet where is that liberty that gives the zest to all? O freedom, how dearly must thou be regretted! Sweetly ye may sing, ye heart-bleeding captives of oppression; but liberty debarred must be the long-echoing close to every strain that you can warble. God help you!”

We are sorry our limits will not allow us to make further extracts from this entertaining performance. We take the liberty to recommend it as well worthy the perusal of every person who wishes well to humanity, and who can enjoy thoughts and reflections of a worthy man in their simple and unadorned garb.

L.

DIALOGUES concerning the Ladies. To which is added, An ESSAY on the ANCIENT AMAZONS. London. T. Cadell.

THE ladies are under many obligations to this author, who has been at infinite pains both to instruct them, and to place them in an amiable point of view. We are not certain, however, that the form in which he has chosen to deliver his thoughts to the public, is well calculated to do justice to his subject; at least the manner in which he has treated it is very far from coming up to our ideas of dialogue-writing. To keep up the attention, a degree of sprightliness and ease is absolutely necessary, in which the work before us seems to be totally deficient; the speeches are too long, and not sufficiently diversified, and we are persuaded he would

have pleased more had he rather thrown his thoughts into the form of essays, as he has done in the Essay on the Amazons at the end.

On the whole, however, the book has merit; and we can safely recommend it to the fair sex as very proper for their perusal. As a specimen of the work, we have extracted the following, being part of the 3d dialogue.

“MR ALTHORPE. It is not a little amusing to read the different characters that different writers have given of women. By some they are represented as angels, and by others spoken of in terms extremely contemptuous. I yesterday read, in a self-

celebrated dramatic performance, the following lines :

- ' O woman, lovely woman! Nature made  
' you
- ' To temper man; we had been brutes  
' without you.
- ' Angels are painted fair to look like you :
- ' There's in you all that we believe of  
' Heav'n.
- ' Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
- ' Eternal joys, and everlasting love.'

The very same day I met with another character of the ladies, in a strain extremely dissimilar, written by a grave divine of the sixteenth century; which I thought sufficiently curious to transcribe, and which, if you please, I will read to you.

" SIR CHARLES PAGET. By all means, sir, let us hear it.

" MR ALTHORPE. It is as follows: ' Women,' says the writer, ' are of two sorts. Some of them ' are wiser, better learned, discreeter, ' and more constant, than a number ' of men. But another, and a worse ' sort of them, and THE MOST PART, ' are fond, foolish, wanton, flibber- ' gibs, tattlers, triflers, wavering, ' witless, without counsel, feeble, ' careless, rash, proud, dainty, nice, ' tale-bearers, eyes-droppers, rumour- ' raisers, evil-tongued, worse-minded, ' and in every respect doltified with ' the drags of the devil's dunghill.'

" LADY PAGET. Pray, Sir, who is it to whom the ladies are indebted for this admirable portrait?

" MR ALTHORPE. To Dr John Aylmer, Madam, who was made bishop of London by queen Elizabeth.

" LADY PAGET. That haughty princess, I should imagine, could not have been very well pleased with this description of her sex.

" MR ALTHORPE. Dr Aylmer, Madam, divided the ladies in two classes; and your ladyship may be assured, that the queen was ranked in the first and best class.

" SIR CHARLES. Of that there can be no doubt; and I think the prelate, of whom you speak, seems to

have been rather a favourite of queen Elizabeth. I remember one instance is recorded of his courtly gallantry, which our present bishops would probably not be very fond of imitating. The queen was greatly afflicted with the toothach, but notwithstanding her reputation for spirit, was so much afraid of the pain that she apprehended would result from having a tooth drawn, that she could not be prevailed upon to consent to the operation. Bishop Aylmer, who was present, in order to encourage her majesty, sat down in a chair, and directed the tooth-drawer to draw one of his teeth. This being accordingly done, and the queen, seeing the good humour with which the bishop underwent the operation, was thereby induced herself to submit to it.

" MR ALTHORPE. Bishop Aylmer seems, upon the whole, to have been a curious character. Mr Strype, I remember, says of him, that " he " was a man of metal, and could use " his hands well;" and also that " he " was a man of his arms, and would " not turn his back for any man."

" SIR CHARLES. I recollect that Bishop Aylmer, though his sentiments of the ladies were not very favourable, was a zealous opponent of John Knox, in defence of female government.

" MR ALTHORPE. He was, Sir Charles; and this might probably recommend him to the favour of queen Elizabeth.

" LADY PAGET. What was the occasion, Sir, that gave rise to the controversy which you mention concerning female government?

" MR ALTHORPE. Mr Knox, Madam, being a zealous Protestant, had naturally a great dislike to Queen Mary, who then reigned in England; as he had also to Mary of Lorraine, the queen-regent of Scotland. He therefore wrote a book, intitled, "The first blast of the trumpet against " the monstrous regimen of womens;" in which he endeavoured to prove,

that

that it was against nature, and contrary to Scripture and to reason, to intrust women with the government of states or kingdoms. After the accession of Elizabeth, Dr Aylmer wrote an answer to Knox's book. Knox, however, still maintained the truth of his general doctrine with great firmness; but as he was no enemy to the new queen of England, he admitted, in a letter to secretary Cecil, that God might have "miraculously comforted his afflicted people by such an INFIRM VESSEL," as Elizabeth; and in a letter to the queen herself, he told her, that he "glorified God for that rest granted to his afflicted flock within England, under her, a WEAK INSTRUMENT." But these concessions did not satisfy Elizabeth. She could not endure a man who had maintained, that it was unnatural, and absurd, and impious, for women in any country to be intrusted with the government of states and kingdoms. She, therefore, peremptorily refused to grant permission to Knox even to pass through England.

"LADY PAGET. I think the queen was somewhat too vindictive upon this occasion. I have heard that her majesty, though far from handsome, took great pleasure in being commended for her beauty.

"MR ALTHORPE. She did, Madam; and, indeed, it was so well known that Elizabeth was fond of being thought handsome even to the close of her life, that she was frequently complimented upon her personal charms by her courtiers, and even by foreign ambassadors, when she was nearly approaching to her seventieth year.

"SIR CHARLES. Queen Elizabeth was a woman, in whom considerable abilities, and great vigour of mind, were united to great weaknesses. It is somewhat remarkable, that one of the severest characters which

has appeared of this celebrated princess, was written by a female historian. Mrs Macaulay Graham says, that the good fortune of Elizabeth is "in nothing more conspicuous, than in the unmerited fame it has to this day preserved to her." She adds, that "the vices of this princess were such as could not exist with a good heart, nor her weaknesses with a good head."

"MR ALTHORPE. Queen Elizabeth was fond of being thought handsome when she was very old, and had totally lost that share of beauty of which she had been once possessed; but there have been some ladies, who have really preserved a great degree of beauty to a very advanced age. Of this Ninon de L'Enclos was a remarkable instance; as was also Diana of Poitiers, duchess of Valentinois, mistress to Henry II. king of France. This lady was at least forty years of age when the French monarch, who was only eighteen, became desperately in love with her. She was near sixty at the time of that prince's death; but she always preserved the same dominion over his heart. He wore her livery, which was black and white, at the tournament in which he was mortally wounded. It is said of her, that she was never ill; and that in the coldest weather she washed her face with spring-water, and never used any sort of pomatum. She rode every morning at six o'clock, often took a ride of about a league or two, and then returned and went to bed, where she read till noon. She was a patroness of men of letters. She died in her sixty-seventh year. Brantome, who saw her about six months before, says, that she was then so handsome, that "no heart of adamant could have been insensible to her charms."

What would be the consequence if the ladies were generally so handsome, and preserved their beauty so long?

[The following Story, published lately in France, is universally acknowledged to be the production of Montesquieu. We hope the translation will be acceptable to many of our Readers.]

### ARSACES AND ISMENIA. AN ORIENTAL STORY.

By M. de MONTESQUIEU.

*Advertisement by the French Editor.*

M. de Montesquieu had taken great pains to fix the limits which separate despotism from pure monarchy, which appeared to him the natural government of the French: But as monarchy is always in danger of degenerating into despotism, he wished, if it were possible, to render despotism itself useful. For this purpose he has given us the most delightful picture of a Despot who makes his people happy: He perhaps flattered himself, that some time or other, while reading his work, a prince, a queen, or a minister, might wish to resemble Arsaces, Ismenia, or Aspar; or to be themselves the models of a picture still more beautiful.

Besides, a number of men may be either despots or kings in their families, in their societies, in their different employments: we may all profit by a perusal of the Spirit of Laws and of this work.

The author saw the power which the ladies now possess over the thoughts of men: to secure himself disciples, he has endeavoured to render the masters favourable: he has spoken the language which is most agreeable to them and most familiar: he has written a romance: he has described love such as he felt it; impetuous, seldom melancholy, often sportful.

**A**BOUT the end of the reign of Artamenes, Bactria was agitated by civil discords. This prince died overwhelmed with vexation, and left his throne to his daughter Ismenia. Aspar, the first eunuch of the palace, had the chief direction of affairs. He had the interest of the state much at heart, and he was regardless of power. He knew mankind, and was an excellent judge of events. His genius was formed by nature for conciliation, and his mind seemed to court an alliance with every other mind. Peace, of which they had despaired, was re-established. Such was the ascendant of Aspar, every one returned to his duty, and scarcely knew he had violated it. Without labour and without noise he could execute great schemes.

The peace was disturbed by the King of Hyrcania. He sent ambassadors to ask Ismenia in marriage; and being refused, invaded Bactria. This invasion was singular. Sometimes he appeared in complete armour, and ready to combat his enemies; at other times he was seen dressed like a lover ready to wait upon his mistress. He brought with him every thing proper for a wedding; dancers, musicians, players, cooks, eunuchs, women; and he brought with him a formidable army. He wrote the most tender letters to the Queen; and on the other hand he ravaged her whole country: One day was employed in feasts, another in military expeditions. Never before had so complete an image of war and peace at the same time been displayed; never so much dissipation and so much discipline. One village

was flying from the cruelty of the conqueror; another was full of joy, banquetings, and dances: And, by a strange caprice, he sought for two things that are incompatible; to make himself feared, and to make himself loved. He was neither feared nor loved. An army was opposed to him; and a single battle decided the war. A soldier newly arrived in the army of the Bactrians performed prodigies of valour; he pierced to the very spot where the King of Hyrcania was fighting bravely, and took him prisoner. He delivered him over to an officer, and, without telling his name, was going to retire into the ranks; but, followed with acclamations, he was conducted as in triumph to the general's tent. He appeared before him with a noble assurance; he spoke modestly of the exploit he had performed. The general offered him rewards; he was insensible to them: He wished to load him with honours; he appeared accustomed to them.

Aspar judged that such a man could not be of ordinary birth. He made him be brought to court; and when he saw him there, he was still more confirmed in his opinion. His presence struck him with admiration; the very sadness which appeared in his countenance inspired him with respect; he praised his valour, and addressed him in the most flattering terms. "My Lord," says the stranger to him, "pardon a wretch, whom the horror of his situation renders almost incapable of feeling your goodness, still more of answering it." His eyes were filled with tears, and the eunuch was moved at it, "Be my friend," says he



to him, "since you are unfortunate. There was a time in which I admired you, now I love you. I would wish to console you; I would wish you to make use of my reason and of your own. Accept of an apartment in my palace; he who inhabits it loves virtue, and you will not be a stranger there."

The next day was a festival over all Bactria. The Queen issued from her palace, followed by all her court. She appeared seated on her chariot in the midst of an immense multitude of her people. A veil covered her face, but allowed her charming shape to be seen; and her features, though concealed, appeared as if displayed to the love of her people.

She descended from her chariot, and entered the temple. The nobles of Bactria surrounded her. She kneeled, and adored the gods in silence; then she raised her veil, composed herself, and pronounced aloud:

"Immortal gods, the Queen of Bactria comes to thank you for the victory you have granted her. Crown your favours by not permitting her to abuse it; cause her to have neither passions, nor weaknesses, nor caprice; let all her fears be to commit evil, all her hopes to do good. And since she cannot be happy,"—said she, with a voice which seemed interrupted with tears, "at least bestow happiness upon her people."

The priests ended the ceremonies prescribed for the worship of the gods; the Queen went out of the temple, mounted her chariot, and the people followed her even to the palace.

A little after Aspar went home, he asked for the stranger, and found him buried in the deepest melancholy. He seated himself beside him, and having made every body withdraw, "I conjure you," says he, "to open yourself to me: Do you think that a distressed heart feels no pleasure in intrusting another with its woes? It is as if we reposed ourselves in a place more tranquil." "It would be necessary," says the stranger, "to relate to you all the events of my life."—" 'Tis what I ask of you," replied Aspar; "you will speak to a man not devoid of sensibility: Conceal nothing from me; every thing is important in the eyes of friendship."

It was not tenderness alone and a sentiment of pity which excited the curiosity of Aspar; he wished to attach this extraordinary man to the court of Bactria; he wished to know thoroughly a man whom he already found fitted to accomplish his designs, and whom he destined in his mind for the greatest affairs.

The stranger recollected himself for a moment, and began thus:

"Love has made all the happiness and all the misery of my life. In the beginning it was strewed with mingled pains and plea-

sure; it has left in the end only tears, complaints, and despair. I was born in Media, and I can number a long train of illustrious ancestors. My father gained great victories at the head of the Median armies. I lost him in my infancy, and those who had the care of my education made me regard his virtues as the best part of my inheritance.

"At the age of fifteen my establishment was formed. They did not give me that prodigious number of women, with which people of my birth are commonly loaded in Media; they wished to follow nature, and to teach me, that, if the wants of the senses were bounded, those of the heart were still more.

"*Ardafire* was not more distinguished from my other women by her rank than by my love. She had a haughtiness mingled with something so tender; her sentiments were so noble, so different from those which an eternal complaisance inspires into the hearts of the women of Asia; she possessed besides, such ravishing beauty, that my eyes never saw any but her, and my heart was a stranger to all others.

"Her looks were enchanting; her shape, her air, her graces, the tone of her voice, the charms of her conversation, every thing captivated me: I wished always to hear her; I never tired of seeing her. For me there was nothing so perfect in nature; my imagination could paint nothing which I did not find in her; and when I thought upon the highest pitch of human felicity, I always beheld my own.

"My birth, my riches, my age, and some personal advantages, determined the King to give me his daughter. It is an inviolable custom among the Medes, that those who receive an honour of this kind must send away all their women. I saw nothing in this great alliance but the loss of what I reckoned most dear; but it was necessary for me to devour my tears and display gaiety. While all the court congratulated me on a favour, which it prized as the highest, *Ardafire* never asked to see me; and I, for my part, both dreaded her presence and sought for it. I went into her apartment; I was in despair. *Ardafire*, said I, I love you.—But without either cares or reproaches, without lifting her eyes, without dropping a tear, she perceived a profound silence; a deadly paleness overspread her countenance, and I perceived a kind of indignation mingled with despair.

"I wished to embrace her; she seemed insensible; and I could perceive no other emotion in her than a wish to escape from my arms.

"It was not the fear of death which made me accept the princess; and, had I not trembled for *Ardafire*, I would doubtless have exposed myself to the most dreadful vengeance. But when I represented to myself, that my refusal would be infallibly followed

by her death, my mind was confounded, and I abandoned myself to my misfortune.

"I was conducted into the King's palace, and was no longer allowed to go out of it. I beheld that place formed for the humiliation of numbers, and the pleasures of only one; that place where, in spite of silence, the sighs of love are scarcely ever heard; that place where melancholy and magnificence reign together; where every thing inanimate assumes a smile, and every thing which lives is gloomy; where every thing moves along with the master, and every thing is dull with him.

"I was presented the same day to the Princess; her eyes might wander over my whole person, while I was not allowed to lift up mine. Strange effect of grandeur! If her eyes spoke, mine could not answer. Two eunuchs attended, with each a poinard in his hand, prepared to expiate with my blood the audacity of looking at her.

"How severe for a heart like mine, to carry to my bed the slavery of the court suspended betwixt contemptuous pride and caprice; to indulge no other sentiment but that of reverence, and to lose even the consolation of servitude, the pleasure of loving and being loved!

"But what was my situation, when one of the eunuchs of the Princess came to make me sign the order which dismissed all my women from the palace! Sign, said he to me; feel all the graciousness of this order: I will inform the Princess how ready you were to obey her. My face was covered with tears; I had begun to write, and I stopped: In the name of the gods, said I to the eunuch, grant me a moment's delay, or I die.—My Lord, said he, your head must answer for it as well as mine.—Sign: We begin already to be guilty; they are counting the moments; already should I be on my return. My trembling or rapid hand (for my senses had abandoned me) traced the most fatal characters which I could form. My women were carried off the evening of my marriage: But Ardasire, who had gained over one of my eunuchs, concealed a slave of her own figure and appearance beneath her veils and clothes, and hid herself in secret. She had told the eunuch that she wished to retire among the priestesses of the gods.

"The spirit of Ardasire was too high to allow her to think that a law which, without any reason, robbed lawful wives of their state in society, was ever made for her: The abuse of power could never make her reverence power: She appealed from this tyranny to nature; from her weakness she appealed to her despair.

"The marriage was celebrated in the palace. I carried the Princess home with me. There concerts, dances, feasts, every thing

seemed to express a joy, which my heart was far from feeling.

"Night being come, all the court left us. The eunuchs led the Princess to her chamber.—Alas! it was that where I had so often poured forth my soul to Ardasire. I retired to mine full of rage and despair.

"The moment fixed for my attending the Princess arrived. I entered into that gallery, almost unknown in my own house, through which love had so often conducted me. I walked in the dark alone, melancholy, pensive, when all at once I discovered a light: Ardasire, a poinard in her hand, stood before me. Arfaces, said she, go tell your new spouse that I die here; tell her that I have disputed your heart even to the last sigh. She was going to strike; I held her hand. Ardasire, exclaimed I, what a dreadful spectacle were you about to exhibit!—And spreading my arms, begin by striking him who has first yielded to a barbarous law. I saw her grow pale, and the poinard dropped from her hands. I embraced her, and I do not know by what charm my mind seemed to grow calm. I held this dear object in my arms; I gave myself up entirely to the pleasure of loving; I forgot every thing, even my misfortunes; I was now possessed of Ardasire, and I thought I never again could lose her. Strange effect of love! My heart warmed, and my mind became tranquil.

"The words of Ardasire recalled me to myself. Arfaces, said she, let us quit this fatal spot; let us fly:—What do we fear? We know how to love and how to die.—Ardasire, said I, I swear that you shall ever be mine; you shall be as if you had never been torn from my arms; I will never leave you. I call the gods to witness, that you alone shall form the happiness of my life. The design you propose is generous; love had inspired me with it; it again inspires me with it through you; you shall now see whether I love you.

"I left her; and full of impatience and love, I went every where to give my orders. The door of the Princess's apartment was shut. I took all the gold and jewels I could carry off. I made my slaves take different roads, and departed alone with Ardasire in the horrors of the night; hoping every thing, dreading every thing; sometimes losing my natural boldness, a prey to every passion in its turn, sometimes even to remorse, ignorant whether I followed my duty, or love which made me forget it.

"I will not detain you with the many dangers to which we were exposed. Ardasire, spite of the weakness of her sex, encouraged me; she was fatigued to death, and continued to follow me. I shunned the presence of men; for every man was now

be

become my enemy: I fought only the deserts. I arrived among those mountains, the range of lions and tigers. The presence of these animals restored my courage. It is not here, said I to Ardafire, that the eunuchs of the Princess, and the guards of the King of Media, will come to seek us.—But the wild beasts soon multiplied to such a degree, that I began to be afraid. I shot dead with my arrows those which approached too near: For, instead of burdening myself with the necessaries of life, I had provided arms which could supply me with them every where. Pressed on all sides, I struck fire with flints; I kindled dry wood; I passed the night near these fires, and made a noise with my arms. Sometimes I set fire to the forests, and drove the terrified animals before me. I entered into a more open country, and admired that vast silence of nature. It recalled to my imagination that period in which the gods were born, and beauty first appeared; in which love cherished it, and all nature became animated.

“At length we passed the confines of Media. It was amid the tents of shepherds that I thought myself the master of the world: There I could say that Ardafire was really mine, and that I was hers.

“We arrived in Margiana; our slaves there rejoined us. There we lived in the fields, far from the world and its bustle. Charmed with one another, we discoursed of our present pleasures, and of our past pains.

“Ardafire related to me what had been her sentiments during the time we had been torn from each other: her jealousy, when she thought I loved her no more; her grief, when she saw that I loved her still; her fury against a barbarous law, her resentment at me for submitting to it. She had at first conceived the design of sacrificing the Princess to her vengeance; she had rejected this idea. She would have been pleased in dying before my eyes; and she did not doubt but I would be moved. When she was in my arms, she said, when she proposed to me to leave my native country, she was already sure of me.

“Ardafire had never been so happy; she was charmed. We did not live in the pomp of Media; but our life was far sweeter. She saw in all that we had lost the great sacrifices I had made her. She was now alone with me. In our harems, in those abodes of delight, the idea of a rival is always present; and while we enjoy what we love, the more we love, the more we are alarmed.

“But Ardafire had now no distrust; heart was here linked to heart. A love of this kind gives an air of pleasure to every thing that surrounds us; and because an object pleases us, it commands all nature to please us too. A love of this kind seems to be that amiable

infancy before which every thing is sportful and gay, and which wears a constant smile.

“I feel a sweet emotion of pleasure in recounting to you this happy period of our lives. Sometimes I lost Ardafire in the woods, and found her again by the accents of her charming voice. She decked herself with flowers which I gathered; I adorned myself with those which she had culled. The singing of the birds, the murmurs of the fountains, the dances and concerts of our young slaves, a mildness which spread itself every where, were perpetual testimonies of our happiness.

“Sometimes Ardafire was a shepherdess, who, without dress and without ornaments, showed herself in all the charms of her native simplicity: At other times I beheld her such as she was when I was enchanted with her beauty in my Median harem.

“Ardafire employed her women in works of elegance: They spun the wool of Hyrcania; they wrought the purple of Tyre. The whole house tasted the purest joy; we descended with pleasure to the equality of nature; we were happy, and we wished to live with people who were happy too. False happiness renders men rigid and haughty; and this happiness has nothing social. True happiness makes them mild, and endues them with sensibility; and this happiness is always shared.

“I remember Ardafire married one of her favourite maids to one of my freed men. Love and youth had formed this union. The favourite said to Ardafire, This is also the first day of your marriage.—All the days of my life, replied she, will be that first day.

“You will perhaps be surprised that, exiled and proscribed from Media, having had only a moment to prepare for my departure, being able only to carry away the money and jewels which presented themselves to my hands, I could have enough of riches in Margiana to have a palace there, a great number of domestics, and all the conveniences of life. I was surprised at it myself, and am so still. By a fatality, which I could not explain, I saw nowhere a resource, and found it every where. Gold, jewels, precious stones, seemed to present themselves to me. It was accident, you will tell me. But accidents so reiterated, and constantly the same, could scarcely be accidents. Ardafire thought at first that I wished to surprise her, and that I had brought wealth with me, of which she was ignorant. I thought, in my turn, that she had riches unknown to me. But we soon saw, both of us, that we were mistaken. I frequently found in my chamber packets containing many hundreds of *Darics*; Ardafire found in hers boxes full of jewels. One day, while I was walking

ing in my garden, a little coffer full of pieces of gold appeared before my eyes, and I perceived another in the hollow of an oak under which I used to repose. I pass over the rest. I was sure there was not a man in Media who had any knowledge of the place to which I had retired; and, besides, I knew that I had no assistance to expect from that quarter. I tortured my imagination to discover whence these succours came; but every conjecture I made destroyed another."

"They tell us wonderful stories," says Aspar, interrupting Arfaces, "of certain powerful genii who attach themselves to men, and heap benefits upon them. Nothing of this kind I ever heard before had made any impression on my mind: but what you say astonishes me still more; you tell what you have experienced, not what you have heard related."

"Whether this assistance," says Arfaces, "was human or supernatural, it is certain that it never failed; and that in the same way as a great number of men find want every where, I every where found riches. And, what will surprise, they came always at the most seasonable moment: I never saw my treasure near spent, when a new one did not appear; so attentive was the intelligence who watched over us. Nor was this all; it was not our necessities only which were prevented, but often our caprices. I am not fond," added he, "of the marvellous; I tell you what I am obliged myself to believe, and not what you are obliged to believe also."

"On the evening of the favourite's marriage, a young man, beautiful as Love, brought me a basket of excellent fruit. I gave him some pieces of silver; he took them, left the basket, and disappeared. I carried the basket to Ardashir; I found it heavier than I thought. We ate the fruit, and we found the bottom full of *Darics*. It is the genie, said the whole house, who has brought a treasure here for the marriage expences."

"I am convinced, said Ardashir, that it is a genie who performs these prodigies in our favour. To those intelligences who are above us, nothing can be more agreeable than love. Love alone has a perfection which may elevate us even to them. It is a genie,

Arfaces, who knows my heart, and who sees to what a degree I love you. I would wish to see him, and that he could tell me to what a degree you love me.

"I resume my narrative.

"The passion of Ardashir and mine took their impressions from our different educations and character. Ardashir lived only to love; her passion was her existence, her whole soul was love. It was not in her power to love me less; nor could she love me more.—I seemed to love with more enthusiasm, because I did not always appear to love in the same way. Ardashir alone was capable of occupying mind; and yet there were things which seemed to distract it. I chased the stag in the forest, and went to combat the wild beasts.

"I began soon to imagine that I led a life too obscure. I am now, said I, in the territories of the King of Margiana; why should I not go to his court? My father's glory presented itself to my mind. A great name is a heavy load to support, when the virtues of ordinary men are not so much the goal at which you are to stop, as the point from which you must start. It appears as if we were more strongly bound by what others promise for us, than what we engage for ourselves. When I was in Media, said I, it was necessary to humble myself, to conceal my virtues more anxiously than my vices. If I was not the slave of the court, I was the slave of its jealousy: But now that I am my own master, now that I am independent, because I am without a country, free in the midst of the forest as the lions that inhabit it, I shall begin to have an ordinary mind if I remain an ordinary man.

"I grew accustomed by degrees to these ideas. It is the lot of human nature that the happier we are, the more happy we wish to be. There is a sort of impatience even of felicity. It is because our heart is a series of desires, as our mind is a series of ideas. When we find that our happiness cannot be augmented, we wish to give it a new modification. My ambition sometimes was irritated even by my love. I hoped to become more worthy of Ardashir; and, spite of her prayers, spite of her tears, I quitted her."

2

(To be concluded in our next.)

P O E T R Y.

ON THE POLITICS OF THE TIMES,

(To Dr R. W.)

—*sugere pudor, verumque fidesque,  
In quorum subire; locum fraudeque, dolique,  
Insidiaque et vis, et amor sceleratus habendi.*  
OVID, Met. lib. I.

OF Politics, friend, if you love me, no more,  
Whose present exertions even fiends must abhor.  
Hence Vice and Corruption new proselytes boast,  
And Luxury riots at Industry's cost :  
Hence Faction, impatient of sober debate,  
With incessant collisions convulses the state :  
Hence legal Rapacity plunders the land  
With enormous Taxation's relentless demand :  
Hence debts, which even Algebra labours to tell,  
Gormandize on our vitals like harpies from hell :  
Hence Indigence, harass'd with labour and care,  
Sinks oppress'd with her burden, and yields to Despair :  
Hence the horrors of battle, perceiv'd from afar ;  
Hence Peace, more pernicious, more hateful than War :  
Trans-Atlantic Rebellion hence fated with gore ;—  
Of politics, friend, if you love me, no more.  
From sinister designs even their amity flows ;  
And treaties are sanction'd alone to impose.  
Like the songs of the Syren, they charm to destroy,  
And the pain or perdition of nations enjoy.  
When in subject prostration Great Britain appear'd,  
And loudly demanded assistance unheard ;  
When engagements were slighted, tho' solemnly sworn,  
And benefits past were regarded with scorn ;  
Pretendedly neuter the nations remain'd,  
'Till her empire was rent, and her honour was stain'd ;  
Then smil'd at the victim they dar'd to betray,  
Exulting in hope on her ruins to prey.

By Ambition and Lucre now basely embroil'd,  
With themselves they contend who shall spoil or be spoil'd :  
'Tis just that one vice should another correct ;  
And to punish the wicked, the wicked select.  
In her sanguine career let keen Discord proceed,  
Till Integrity blush, and Humanity bleed :  
Force with force let each monarch agree to repel,  
And their umpire alone be the despot of hell :  
Till Holland in blood shall her perfidy mourn,  
And the waves o'er her bulwarks and cities return :  
Till America, fond of her gracious allies,  
Meet the bane of her freedom in Friendship's disguise :  
And till France, the sole dupe of her own crooked ways,  
With a new Asphaltites the nations amaze.  
Be still, my resentment—nor burn to excess ;  
Thy wishes retract, and thy fury suppress.  
Why should Mischief diffuse her malignity round,  
And Virtue and Vice in one ruin confound ?  
Let those wretches who havock o'er Nature extend,  
To deeper damnation for ever descend :  
Whilst with mortals, to Virtue and Freedom restor'd,  
One faith shall prevail, and one God be ador'd.

INSCRIPTION IN AN ALCOVE.

LIGHTLY tread, 'tis hallow'd ground—  
Hark ! above, below, around,  
Fairy bands their vigils keep,  
While frail mortals sink to sleep ;  
And the moon with feeble rays  
Gilds the brook that bubbling plays  
As in murmurs soft it flows,  
Music meet for lovers woes.  
Hark ! from yonder spire the bell  
Just strikes one—a solemn knell.  
Now the sprites in white array'd,  
Gleam across yon chequer'd shade ;  
Shadowy forms, divinely bright,  
Meet inhabitants of night.  
Hence, avaunt ! all noise and folly ;  
Welcome pleasing Melancholy ;

Ever.

Ever-musing pensive maid,  
 Welcome to thy favourite shade.  
 Here no steps profane intrude;  
 Here indulge thy plaintive mood:  
 Foes no longer here shall walk,  
 Lift'ning to thy whisper'd talk:  
 Only Silence still shall dwell  
 In yon ivy-mantled cell;  
 And with Solitude, her friend,  
 All her steps shall still attend.

VERSES written at ROSLIN CASTLE.

**A**T dead of night, the hour when courts  
 Thro' the wild maze of pleasure rove,  
 And Mira joins th' insuaring sports,  
 While Art assumes the voice of Love,

To Roslin's ruins I repair;  
 A solitary wretch forlorn,  
 To mourn unseen, unpity'd there,  
 My hapless love, her hapless scorn.

No sound of joy disturbs my strain,  
 No hind is whistling on the hill;  
 No herdsman winding o'er the plain,  
 No maiden singing by the rill.

Esk, murm'ring thro' the darksome pines,  
 Reflects the moon's uncertain beams;  
 While thro' the clouds she faintly shines  
 In Fancy's eye the pale ghost gleams.

Not for the night that in thy halls  
 Once Roslin danc'd in joy along;  
 The owl now screams along thy walls,  
 That echoed Mirth's inspiring song.

Where bats now sit on dusky wings,  
 Th' empurp'd feast was wont to flow;  
 And Beauty danc'd in graceful rings  
 Where now the dank weeds rankling  
 grow.

What now avails, how great! how gay!  
 How fair! how fine! their matchless  
 dames!

Here sleeps their undistinguish'd clay,—  
 The stone, effac'd, has lost their names.

And yon gay crowds must soon expire,  
 Unknown, unprais'd, their fair one's  
 name;

Not for the charms that verse inspire,  
 Increasing years increase their fame.

O, Mira! what is fate or wealth?  
 The great can never love like me;  
 Wealth adds not years, nor quickens health;  
 Then wiser thou, come happy be.

Come, be thou mine:—In this sweet spot,  
 Where Esk rolls clear his little wave,  
 We'll live;—and in the shelter'd cot  
 Taste joys that Roslin never gave.

For the EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

EPIGRAM.

Εἰς κορυφὴν κάλλιπεν τιμνωσάν ἘΑΙΖΑΝ  
 ΒΟΥΡΝΗΤ, Μουσεῖον  
 Τίτσαρις αἰ χαρίεις, Πάραι δυο, καὶ  
 δεκα Μῦσ αἰ  
 ΕΑΙΖΑ μὲν ἐς ΠΑΦΙΑ, ΜΟΥΣΑ,  
 ΧΑΡΙΣ.

S O N G.

Written by GEORGE COLEMAN, Esq.

**I**F life is a bubble that breaks with a glass,  
 You must toss off your wine, if you'd  
 with it to last;  
 For the bubble may well be destroy'd with a  
 puff,  
 If 'tis not kept floating in liquor enough.

If life is a flow'r, as philosophers say,  
 'Tis a very good thing understood the right  
 way;  
 For if life is a flow'r, any blockhead can tell,  
 If you'd have it look fresh, you must moisten  
 it well.

This life is no more than a journey, 'tis said,  
 Where the roads for most part are confound-  
 edly bad;

So let wine be our spurs, and all trav'lers  
 will own,  
 That whatever the roads, we jog merrily on.

This world to a Theatre liken'd has been,  
 Where each man around has a part in the  
 Scene;

'Tis our part to be drunk, and 'tis matter of  
 fact,

That the more you all drink, boys, the better  
 you are.

This life is a dream, in which many will weep,  
 Who have strange silly fancies, and cry in  
 their sleep;

But of us, when we wake from our dream,  
 'twill be said,

That the tears of the Tankard were all that  
 we shed.



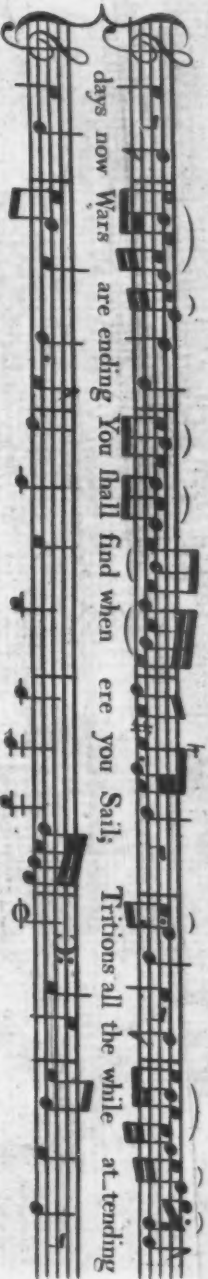
FAVOURITE SONG in the Music composed for the **TEMPEST**

by **H. PURCELL**, but never Published.



Halcion days now wars are ending You shall find when ere you Sail Halcion

*S.*  
Vio: 2<sup>do</sup>



days now Wars are ending You shall find when ere you Sail, Tritons all the while attending



with a kind - - and gentle Gale, with a kind - - and

Vio: 2<sup>do</sup>



gentle Gale Tritons all the while attending with a kind - - and gentle Gale,



Tritons all the while attending with a kind - - and gentle Gale; Halcion days now



Wars are ending Halcion days now Wars are ending you shall find when ere you Sail Tri-tons all the



while at- tending with a kind and gen- the Gale, with a kind and gen- the Gale; Da Capo *S.*